



SHAKSPEARE
AND
THE EARL OF SURREY'S
POETICAL WORKS.

POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE
AND THE
EARL OF SURREY.

*With Memoirs, Critical Dissertations, and
Explanatory Notes,*

BY THE
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THE
LIFE AND POETRY
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

How strange it is that on the two greatest of all poets the most mystery hangs—Homer and Shakspeare! Even as Mounts Everest and Dhawalagiri, towering far above the Himalayan summits, attract the thickest mantles of mist, are clad in the deepest piles of snow, and are for ever inaccessible; so it is with these surpassing poets. Homer—who and what was he? Was he an Ionian, or did he on

“The *Chian* strand
Behold the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea”?

Which of the seven cities that contended for the honour of his birthplace deserved to succeed in the strife? Was he or was he not a blind beggar? Was he one, or was the “*Iliad*” the product of many minds, all inspired by the spirit of those

“Heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece,
And fired their fathers in the Colchian days”?

Was he author of the “*Iliad*” only, or also of the marvellous “*Odyssey*.” How lived he—where died he—and where was he buried? Such questions, often asked, as if at the cloudy Ida, where his spirit may be figured as dwelling, have received no satisfactory reply, and still *Stat nominis Umbra*.

Of Shakspeare we know a little, and only a little, more. George Steevens has said, "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried." This is certainly but a meagre skeleton of such a wonderful man, and is calculated to excite regret and disappointment. We become angry on account of our ignorance, although angry we cannot tell rightly with whom or what. Was Shakspeare bound to write an autobiography for our information? Or was nature bound to rear a Boswell to preserve, in a kind of dripping-pan, the exhaustless exuberance of his conversational genius? Or could his contemporaries be expected to appreciate a man who was "before all ages?" Besides, how do we know that his life, were it fully detailed, would be so interesting, or that his conversation, had it been recorded, would have been so extraordinary? Was he not perhaps a quiet, silent, brooding man—no great talker—none of those who "set the table in a roar," but rather

"A great observer, and who look'd
Quite through the deeds of men,"

none the less keenly that he looked through them in silence? And does not, besides, a kind of ghost-like awe and mystery thus gather round that humble player, with the greatest mind on earth concealed now under his plain daily dress, and now under his tinsel nightly robes, and you feel as if Apollo or Mercury had disguised himself as a tapster or a scene-shifter? Perhaps, instead of vainly mourning that we know so little of him, we should rather cry out, as we have cried out before, "Munificent and modest benefactor, it was thine to knock at the door of the human family by night, to throw in inestimable wealth, and then, as if thou hadst done a guilty thing, to fly, leaving the sound of thy feet dying away in the distance as all the tidings thou hast given of thyself!"

Often when we contemplate the mind and history of

Edmund Burke—the plenitude of his knowledge, the profound wisdom of his intellect, the vast ken of his imaginative vision, the disinterestedness of his purpose, and the wide and watchful eye he kept on the progress of the human race everywhere, as well as the righteous and terrible anger which he felt at its oppressors—we are reminded less of a man, than of some benevolent angel or genie, incarnate in human flesh, for the purpose of furthering the great designs of God, and counteracting the machinations or the infuriated madness of infernal beings. In Shakspeare we do not see so clearly any definite moral purpose, but we see still greater prodigality of intellect and genius, and an attitude of thought and a relation to the world still more wonderful, and almost unearthly. He is among men, but not of them, although in a sense very different from that in which the impatient, reckless, and unhappy spirit of Byron was. Shakspeare stands above all men, but still close to them; knows all of them thoroughly, yet pities and loves them intensely; and is neither an accusing spirit nor a protecting genie, but simply a recorder of what he sees, an echo-cliff of what he hears, and is both upon a scale of stupendous magnitude. It follows, that his own personal character and history are of less importance. A Milton or a Burke striving to overrule public opinion, on political, moral, or religious themes, subjects himself to severe scrutiny. But not so a mirror-like mind such as that of Shakespeare. If mirrors are clear broad reflectors, it becomes of little moment whether their frame be covered with “dust o'er-gilded,” or be of pure and massive gold.

These remarks may tend somewhat to soothe the disappointment so generally felt by readers in reference to the little that centuries of inquiry have been able to collect about the life of the “myriad-minded;” for what proportion could be expected between *one short life* and a myriad *minds*? The one, however interesting, could be no measure to, or exponent of, the multiplicity of the other.

William Shakspeare, “man’s miracle,” was born in Stratford-on-Avon in April 1564. As his baptism took place on the 26th, and as one Joseph Green, a clergyman, and master

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of the grammar school at Stratford, in an extract which he made from the register of Shakspeare's baptism, wrote on the margin, "Born on the 23rd," *that* is suspected to have been the actual date. His father, John Shakspeare, was a burgess of the corporation of Stratford. John's great-grandfather is supposed to have done good service to Richmond at Bosworth field, for which his descendant received two royal grants of lands and tenements in Warwickshire. Hence, perhaps, the strong Lancastrian bias to be found in the writings of the great dramatist. In 1559, John wedded Mary Arden, the descendant of an ancient family in Warwickshire, and who had been left by her father an estate of about sixty acres, and a house called Asbies. They were married at Aston-Cantlow, and John, taking possession of the estate in right of his wife, proceeded to fix his residence in the town of Stratford.

Much dubiety has rested on the occupation of the poet's father. Aubrey declares that he was a butcher, and that William in his boyhood practised the same occupation; but adds (as Brummell's valet declared that his master "*always snored like a gentleman!*") that the boy when he "*killed a calf, did it in a high style, and made a speech.*" Another account, transmitted through an old parish-clerk, says nothing of the "*speech*" or of the father's trade, but insists that the "*gentle Willy*" was an apprentice to a butcher, till, disgusted at the occupation, he ran off to London. Both these accounts seem apocryphal; nor does Rowe's story, that John Shakspeare was a dealer in wool, and taught his son the same trade, rest on any sure foundation. The probability, founded on various entries in old registers, is that the father of the poet partly lived on his own land, and partly rented ground from others—was certainly the proprietor of Asbies—and held, from one William Clopton, a piece of meadow-ground of fourteen acres, called Ington, rented at eight pounds, equivalent to forty pounds of our present money—was, in short, what we would now call in Scotland a farmer and small *laird*.

To John Shakspeare and Mary Arden were born in succession, first, Joan, and then Margaret, both of whom died in

infancy; then William; then, two years after, Gilbert; then a second Joan; then another daughter, Anne, who soon followed her first two sisters to the grave; then Richard; and finally, in 1580, Edmund. "Here, then," says Charles Knight, "we find that two sisters of William were removed by death, probably before his birth. In two years and a half another son, Gilbert, came to be his playmate; and when he was five years old, that most precious gift to a loving boy was granted—a sister, who grew up with him. Then came another sister, who faded untimely. When he was ten years old, he had another brother to lead by the hand into the green meadows. When he was grown into youthful strength, a boy of sixteen, his youngest brother was born. William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, constituted the whole of the family amongst whom John Shakspeare was to share his means of existence." Rowe's mistake about Shakspeare's family being "ten in all," seems to have arisen from the fact that there was another John Shakspeare in Stratford.

The very house where Shakspeare was born has been matter of controversy. His father gradually possessed himself of various houses—a copyhold house in Henley Street; a copyhold house in Greenhill Street; a house on the meadow called Ingon, about a mile from Stratford on the Warwick Road; and two freehold houses in Henley Street. Tradition, however, points somewhat distinctly to one of these latter as the house where Shakspeare was born, and the room is still shown. The house is one of the oldest in Stratford, and has passed through various changes, becoming latterly a compound of a butcher's shop and a public-house. We have beheld with reverence several of the birthplaces of poets, such as the "auld clay biggin'" where the restless ardent eye of Burns first saw the light, and the quiet upper room in Bristol where Southeby first breathed the air. But how much more would we prize a sight of that spot where Shakspeare was born, which is as yet to us a "Stratford unvisited," except in imagination and in hope! Every reader remembers the graceful picture given by Washington Irving in his "Sketch-Book" of his pilgrimage to the hallowed region.

Burns was born amidst a wild storm of “Januar’ wind,” which, while it

“ Blew welcome in on Robin,”

blew down the humble dwelling, and seemed to shed

“Ominous conjecture on his whole success.”

Shakspeare, less characteristically, was born while the plague which had ravaged all Europe, and especially London, in the previous year, was raging in Stratford, and the wail of the infant prodigy

(“ You know the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.”—*Lear*)

might be almost unheard and unmarked amidst the cries of dying babes and of Rachels weeping for their children. This marvellous child, however, was sacred from the touch of the disease. He must have heard afterwards many fearful particulars of its ravages ; and although he has nowhere in all his writings elaborately or at length painted the pest (what a thing he could have made of the plague of Athens, or of the Black Death in the middle ages !) yet he has enclosed the whole poetry, if not the whole pathos and horror of the plague in the lines of Timon—

“Be as a planetary plague when Jove
Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison
In the sick air.”

Nothing in all the descriptions of pestilence, in the pages of Thucydides, Boccaccio, Defoe, Brockden, Brown, Wilson, Shelley, or the author of that most vigorous story in *Blackwood* for December 1826, entitled “Di Vasari, a Tale of the Plague in Florence”—can be compared in intensity of power with the above lines, blending as they do the cause and the effect, the punishment and the crimes together in a gloomy harmony, and exhibiting the whole collected darkness of death lowering over the doomed city, as one poison-cup drugged by the hand of God Himself, and to be drank “without mixture.”

Some biographers of Shakspeare will have it that he was lame; and Sir Walter Scott in “Kenilworth,” probably from

some secret fellow-feeling, seems to sanction the notion, when he makes one of his characters call the great dramatist a "halting fellow." The notion is founded on expressions in the 37th and 89th Sonnets, which some have supposed literal, while others believe them to be merely poetically true. At all events, his lameness was not so entire as to disqualify him from manly exercises, such as riding. It is curious to think of the three most popular writers in the English language—Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron—being lame, while Milton was blind, Pope deformed, and Collins and Cowper deranged, and would almost induce us to believe that in bodily and mental infirmity, there is a certain spur or stimulus which combines with, and powerfully encourages the stirrings of, ambition, and the aspirations of genius. Byron, pointing to his forehead, said, "This, perhaps, sets me above my fellow-men, but that," looking to his foot, "sets me far, far below them." But, in reality, his greatness lay in his foot as well as in his head. The consciousness of his deformity stung him into mental activity; and if it added to his misery, it added also to his power. The effect of a similar feeling on the far larger and more genial spirit of Shakspeare would probably be less irritating, but quite as exciting.

A silly attempt was made in the last century, by the fabrication of a MS., stated to be from the pen of John Shakspeare, to palm on the public the belief that Shakspeare's father was a Catholic, and that the poet, consequently, was brought up in that persuasion. This, however, has been shown conclusively to be false. John Shakspeare, in 1568, when the poet was four years old, was the chief magistrate of Stratford; and no chief magistrate at that period could have been a Papist. Every magistrate had to take the oath of supremacy on pain of severe punishment. A good deal has been said on the religion of Shakspeare; but here, too, considerable uncertainty prevails. In his last will he professes, and no doubt sincerely, his belief in God, and his trust in the merits of Christ; but what his special notions on religious subjects were, we have difficulty in discovering. The religious allusions in his plays are few, and are all adapted to the parti-

cular characters from whose lips they come. Cæsar and Antony talk like heathens. Isabella, in "Measure for Measure," speaks like a Christian. Cardinal Wolsey is a Catholic. Prospero is a philosopher. None of his plays come down past the era of the Reformation, and he has, consequently, no Protestant heroes. That he was a very devout man we have no idea, but the spirit of his plays is far too wide and far too human for one who had been nurtured in the contracted and withering atmosphere of the Popish Church.

That Shakspeare, the son of the chief magistrate of Stratford, was sent to the grammar school, seems probable in the highest degree. There was then a free grammar school in the town, taught by Thomas Hunt, curate of the neighbouring village of Luddington; and to it Shakspeare, about 1571, seems to have repaired. Hunt was succeeded, a few years after, by one Thomas Jenkins. How long Shakspeare continued at this school, is known to none; how he profited there, is known to the whole world. Yet what rubbish has been talked about the "learning of Shakspeare!" That he was as good a scholar as if he had been trained at Eton and Oxford in the nineteenth century, is contended for by nobody. But that, as Johnson always said, "he had Latin enough to grammaticalise his English;" that he had read enough at first hand to enable him to enter into the spirit of the classical ages, as well as to prepare him to *profit* by the reading of translations; that, in proportion to his day, he was a better scholar than Byron, and incomparably better than Burns—are conclusions to which a careful perusal of his works should bring all. How fine and true all his classical allusions!—that, for instance, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," beginning—

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete we bay'd the bear," &c.

He and John Keats, a far inferior scholar to Shakspeare, have alone caught the true poetry of the Pagan mythus. Ben Jonson, indeed, said of Shakspeare, that he had little Latin, and less Greek; but Ben, though a real poet, was

pedantically and conceitedly scholastic ; and we take his judgment on Shakspeare's learning as we do Parr's contempt for Mackintosh's Greek, *cum grano salis*. Parr used to say, that, were Sir James called up unexpectedly to conjugate $\tauιθημι$, he would blush and tremble; and so probably might Shakspeare have been puzzled had Jonson examined him on the aorist of $\tauυπτω$, and might have even broken down on the passive of the verb—on which Burns was somewhat strong—*Amo*, to love ; but no Parr, or Jonson, or Porson, of them all, ever could have created a character so true to the Roman type, so classical in costume, language, and bearing, as Coriolanus. Greek and Latin to pedants are mere stilts ; to poets like Shakspeare, they are sharp spears.

Charles Knight has very ingeniously traced the supposed effect of certain local influences upon the dawning mind of the young Shakspeare. Were there not around him the still waters, the green meadows, and the quiet woods of his own beautiful Avon ? Was not the “old historic” town of Warwick near ? and Coventry, with Godiva still, to the eye of imagination, riding, “clothed on with chastity,” through the hushed and holy streets ? Was not Kenilworth Castle—destined to live on the page of one only inferior to Shakspeare himself—with its moat, its lake, its memorable revels, when the Queen, bluff Harry’s manlike daughter, visited it in 1575, revels which, perhaps, Shakspeare witnessed—close at hand ? And were there not the monastic remains of Evesham, leading away the imagination back through long centuries, till

“Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades ?”

Such influences would now deeply impress every young enthusiastic spirit, but Shakspeare lived in a different age, and probably had more pleasure in mingling with the sports of the village green, dancing round the Maypole, courting under the moonlight shades, or diving in the river, than in the supposed exercises of romantic imagination. He had boundless enthusiasm, but none of what Byron calls “entusymusy ;” the source of his feeling lay deep, and perhaps did not spring up at a very early period of his existence. Nature, and such

works of art as were near him, would, during his early life, be silently stamping their images on his mind, but full consciousness of and command over them were to come afterwards. Still we linger as we think of the strange boy-poet, now mixing in the fervid tumult of the village sports, with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength ; and anon retiring to his solitary walks by the side of the Avon, hearkening to the stream,

“*Making music with the enamell'd stones ;*”

or watching the “great thief,” the sun, surrounding himself at even-tide with skiey hoards of borrowed gold, and the moon in silence

“*Her pale fire snatching from the sun ;*”

or listening to the wild-note of the night-wind, which, sighing amidst the sedges,

“*Foretold a tempest and a blustering day ;*”

or at times when the night-sky was loaded with clouds, and the moon had retired as in fear, hearing horrified the steps of

“*Wither'd Murder,*
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy steps,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Move like a ghost ;”

or it may be now and then a glorious truant, straying in rapt reverie, till

“*Jocund Day*
Stood tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;”

and returning, not to sleep, but to plunge into day-dreams more fanciful and more delicious still. *If* such experience was his, fragments and portions of it may have reappeared in the immortal lines we have now quoted ; but our, as well as Charles Knight's, picture of his early days, is one of the thousand-and-one Midsummer Night's Dreams about Shakspeare, the verification of all which is in this earth for ever impossible.

It were of more interest and importance to know when Shakspeare came in contact with the stage, a region to which

he probably looked at first as to a heaven above him, while for a century or two it has looked up to him as to its genius and tutelar god. We are told of pantomimes and other scenical doings in Kenilworth and in Stratford during his boyhood, which may have directed his ambition toward a place which, to the eyes of the young, seems an elevation above common life, as real as that of a mountain over a flat plain, although in reality it is only such an elevation as a cloud exhibits behind a mountain, the shape of which it mimics, transmitting it into aerial statuary, as frail and false as it is beautiful. We suspect, however, that it was not in the country, but only after he reached the metropolis, that the glories, real or apparent, of the stage, produced their full effect on Shakspeare's imagination.

How singular, we may here notice, that on the stage—a place far from sacred, scarcely even respectable—the Author of Nature let down his most gifted and wide-minded child, and that in an atmosphere usually accounted polluted this marvellous spirit had to live, and move, and have his being for so many years! Some have thought that this has, in a measure, consecrated the stage. We wonder, on the other hand, that it did not far more degrade and desecrate Shakspeare. It is a proof of the healthiness of his moral instincts, the soundness of his judgment, and the amazing width of his sympathies, that such a long connexion with such an element produced no permanent injury on Shakspeare's character. And whatever minor evil influences might have lighted on him, soon,

“Like dew-drops, from the lion's mane,
Were shook to air ;”

and the strong genial man went on his own way, and did his own work, and returned to his own noble idiosyncrasy.

Every one has heard of Shakspeare's deer-stealing—another of the many myths which have so clustered round his history, that our wonder is that no sceptical person has written “Historic Doubts” as to the existence of Shakspeare. Indeed, the tale of the wild young poet breaking into Charlote-park, stealing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, getting prosecuted by the offended

knight, and avenging himself by affixing a satirical ballad on the gate, is so bound up with our thoughts and our early readings about Shakspeare, with our recollections of the plot of the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” and so on, that we are sorry to be delivered from the illusion ; and, like the prisoner of Chillon,

“Regain our freedom with a sigh.”

And yet there is reason to believe that the story is altogether a fable, and that Shakspeare was never a worshipper of Mercury, the god of thieves, although the chief favourite of Apollo, the god of poets. In his day, indeed, deer-hunting was not counted a great offence—no greater than bird-nesting is now—and it is extremely unlikely that Sir Thomas Lucy, who was member for the county, and on friendly terms with Shakspeare’s relatives, should have prosecuted the poet so severely as to make him flee the country. So that Shakspeare’s deer-stealing, with Surrey’s journey to Italy, and many other marvels in the history of the past, must, as Scott says of second-sight, “be abandoned to the purposes of poetry.” Yet “*As You Like It*” seems to prove that its author was early familiar with the intricate beauties of forest scenery, and acquainted with the habitudes of the “poor dappled fools,” the “native burghers of the desert city” of the woods.

Somewhat inconsistently with this story about deer-stealing, it is held by Malone that our young poet was several years in an attorney’s office, and we suspect Walter Scott must have applauded the theory that Shakspeare, like himself, was a gigantic (and lame) “limb of the law.” Of this, however, beyond the use of a number of law terms, which intercourse with Templars in London might have taught him, there is no evidence. Hundreds of legal documents connected with the place and the period have been examined, but the immortal name, “William Shakspeare,” occurs in none.

At an early age—ere he was nineteen—he married Ann Hathaway, daughter of John Hathaway, of Shottery, near Stratford. Hathaway was a substantial yeoman, and his daughter was seven years older than the poet. This was in 1582. A

great deal of malignant and meretricious nonsense has been uttered about Shakspeare's marriage and wedded life. Some say that he married so soon because he was *compelled* to do so in order to vindicate the lady's fair fame. Others say he was unhappy with his wife, because, firstly, she was older than he ; because, secondly, he only left her in his will "his second best bed;" because, thirdly, all poets are or should be unhappy in their domestic connexions ; we wonder they did not add, because, fourthly, he was married in the month of November, which, next to May, superstition has tabooed as an unlucky month for the nuptial ceremony. Such are specimens of the silly and gossipping manner in which some parts of Shakspeare's life have been treated by persons who were, no doubt, disappointed because they found no mention of the name "Shakspeare" in the records of Doctors' Commons, and could never forgive him because he died in his wife's arms. Anne Hathaway appears to have been a suitable match to him in degree, in substance, and in external appearance, and probably made him happier than Lady Jane Grey with all her Greek, or Madame de Stael with all her German, would have done. That at one period of his life he fell into errors and estrangements has been argued doubtfully from the Sonnets ; but whatever these errors were, they seem to have passed away long before, at Stratford, he surrendered his spirit to its Creator. That he was compelled to marry her is proved to be false, and the statement is founded on a confusion of marriage with the then common practice of previous betrothal before witnesses.

How, why, and when this supreme spirit first visited London, are questions which have puzzled all his biographers and commentators extremely. The common cry about his journey there used to be "stole away," some saying from a butcher's shop, others from an attorney's office, others from a broken deer park, and others from a scolding or snarling wife! It appears now, however, that all these theories are incredible, and that Shakspeare's visit to London was not a flight, nor a desertion, but a voluntary emigration. In the baptismal register of Stratford, for May 1583, we find the mention of the

baptism of Susanna, eldest child of the poet. Two years after, the baptism of Harriet and Judith Shakspeare is recorded. It follows from this that his wife continued to reside in Stratford. On the other hand, we discover no trace of him in the records of Court-leet, Bailiff's court, or Commonhall. This might, however, have been because he was a minor; but even after he became of age, there is still no mention of his name. It is inferred, therefore, that he left Stratford for London at or about the termination of his minority—*i.e.* in the year 1585; and as he continued to return there every year, it is evident that he had gone to push his fortune for the sake of his family, whom probably he brought to reside with him as soon as he could. On repairing to London, he seems immediately to have connected himself with the theatres. The well-known story of his holding horses at the door of the theatre is another of those fables which have yielded to the stern research of later times. An ingenious writer in *Blackwood* has finely described the supposed effects of the first sight of a London theatre on the enthusiastic mind of the poet. Shakspeare thus speaks, “I remember when I first came to London, and began to be a hanger-on at the theatres, a great desire grew on me for more learning than had fallen to my share at Stratford, but fickleness and impatience, and the bewilderment caused by new objects, dispersed that wish into empty air. Ah! my lord [Bacon], you cannot conceive what a strange thing it was for so impressionable a rustic to find himself turned loose in the midst of Babel. My faculties wrought to such a degree that I was in a dream all day long. My bent was not then toward comedy, for most objects seemed noble and of much consideration. The music at the theatre ravished my young heart, and, amidst the goodly company of spectators, I beheld afar off, with dazzled sight, beauties who seemed to outparagon Cleopatra of Egypt. Some of these primitive fooleries were afterwards woven into Romeo and Juliet.”

Extreme obscurity rests on many questions connected with Shakspeare's early life in London—such as whether he commenced his connexion with the stage as an actor or a play-writer; and how it was that he became so soon as 1589 a

shareholder in Blackfriars' theatre. Certain it is that he had joined a company of actors very soon after he reached the metropolis, and that in Blackfriars' theatre, which was little else than an enclosed yard with a roof, his first plays were acted. In 1588, Shakspeare appears to have been in London, although whether his wife and family had as yet joined him there is uncertain. This was a great year in the history of the country—the year of the Armada—a year the stirring incidents of which must have deeply affected our poet's imagination—a year when for a season there was but one heart in England, and when round the figure of the British Lion, as, in the language of the poet of "The Armada,"

"The parting breeze of eve unroll'd that banner's massive fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold,"

there rallied a nation of lion-faced men, who, even had the Spanish fleet not been broken by the winds of heaven, would have rolled back invasion, as the chalky cliffs rolled back the waves of the Channel. In the year when Napoleon intended to invade Britain, we were only threatened by one foe—Despotism; but in 1588, Superstition and Slavery had combined their forces, and how high the heart of the author of "Henry V." must have beat as he watched the grim unity of defiance which had bound together all classes of men against the common foe, and the wild enthusiasm which the tidings of their destruction spread over the land.

In 1589, the contest between the English Church and the Puritans was running high; and as the stage had abused its privilege by introducing matters connected with religion and politics, a commission was appointed to inquire what companies of actors had offended. On this occasion, the sharers in the Blackfriars' playhouse drew out a document defending themselves. This valuable paper was found at Bridgewater-house, by Mr Collyer, and there we find among the shareholders the name, "William Shakspeare." This is important, as proving that the poet was already a man of property and consideration in his own sphere.

In 1591 appeared some verses by Spenser, entitled "The Tears of the Muses," in which, while deplored the decay of the stage, he praises certain comedies so highly, that some have supposed him to allude to Shakspeare, and have inferred that Shakspeare had then produced some of his plays. In these verses Spenser calls his great contemporary—

"He, the man whom Nature's self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate."

What a beautiful idea that of Nature wishing to hear the reduplication of her own voice, and creating Shakspeare as her everlasting echo! It is the first and the finest compliment ever paid to our poet.

In 1592 and 1593, England was much afflicted by the plague—the theatres were shut, and Shakspeare is supposed to have retired to Stratford. How he spent his time there we know not, but may conjecture him reading and laying in stores for the exigencies of future labours, or sketching out the plan of some of his mighty dramas. Up to this time, it is supposed that he had written "Pericles," the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." He also this year published and dedicated to Lord Southampton his "Venus and Adonis."

A clear field for the exercise of his powers was now left him by the removal of his two most formidable rivals—Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. Both were gifted, but imprudent and licentious men. Marlowe was incomparably the higher of the two in genius. Every one has heard of his "mighty line," his "raptures, all air and fire," of what Hazlitt calls his "lust of power, and hunger and thirst after unrighteousness," his noble although imperfect play of "Dr Faustus," and his melancholy end: he was stabbed to death in a low tavern brawl. Greene, in a pamphlet written immediately before his death, insulted both Marlowe and Shakspeare; accusing the one of being an atheist, and the other of "borrowing feathers from his wing."—To this, Shakspeare deigned no reply, but seems to express his forgiveness to the poor unfortunate in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where he describes

“The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning late deceased in beggary.”

In the end of 1593, the theatres were re-opened, and Shakspeare was summoned from the country to resume his labours. In the midst of these he published his “Rape of Lucrece,” and dedicated it, as he had done the “Venus and Adonis,” to Lord Southampton, between whom and the poet acquaintance had rapidly ripened into intimate friendship. This young lord seems to have been fond of attending the theatres, and had there met with Shakspeare. He appreciated his genius, and became his munificent patron, on one occasion, it is said, giving him a thousand pounds to enable him to complete a purchase. Whether this sum was or was not given by the patron, it does not seem to have been absolutely required by the poet. His property in the theatre had been steadily growing in value. We have seen him, in 1589, a proprietor in Blackfriars’ theatre. Ere four years had passed, the company was so prosperous that another theatre, the Globe, required to be built; and in a year or two afterwards, they repaired and extended the original building. Hence our poet was enabled, in 1597, to purchase a tenement in Stratford, called the “New Place”—the best house at the time in his native town, and which he probably bought with the view of an early retreat from his profession. The next year we find one Richard Quiney seeking to borrow from him thirty pounds—a sure evidence that he was known to be in good circumstances. Altogether, next to Shakspeare’s genius, his care and caution in the management of his temporal affairs strike us as most remarkable; and had other literary men, along with a twentieth part of his genius, possessed a tithe of his prudence, the half of Disraeli’s “Calamities of Authors,” and the whole of Emerson’s essay on “Prudence” would have remained unwritten. Parsimonious, miserly, speculative in money-matters, we cannot conceive Shakspeare to have been; but he hated a debt as he hated a dulness, he feared a dungeon as he feared a condemned play, and was actuated—with a far happier result—by the same noble spirit which made Burns indite the stanza—

“Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Or for a train attendant ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

What poor creatures a Steele, a Savage, a Macginn, or an Edgar Poe—skulking before their creditors, trembling at every postman’s knock, and throwing piles of unopened letters into the fire—seem, compared to the greatest of their tribe—the truly “wise” as well as “gentle” and superlatively gifted “Willy!” Many literary men indeed have, owing to uncontrollable circumstances and misfortunes, been plunged into pecuniary embarrassments at which their honourable pride has revolted; but perhaps the majority have been chiefly to blame themselves.

Shakspeare, like all poets, loved his birthplace, but, unlike many poets, he enjoyed frequent opportunities of visiting it. Dante lived latterly and died far from Florence. Byron lived for eight years and died far from Eugland, and from the date of boyhood never saw again the beautiful granite streets of Aberdeen or the blue hills of Braemar. Shelley died in the arms of the Italian sea, not in his native Sussex or in his adopted Marlowe. Coleridge expired in Hampstead, and had not for a long period been near that

“Dear native brook, wild streamlet of the west,”

which he had apostrophised so tenderly. Burns, although he sung

“Of a’ the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo’e best,”

for years ere his departure had not seen a leaf of the woods, or heard one murmur of the streams of Coila. But Shakspeare, it is said, visited his birthplace once a-year; the distance was indeed only ninety-three miles from London, but that, in those days, was equivalent to thrice the number now. He was there certainly at the burial of his only son, Hamnet, a child of eleven years, in 1596. He was there in 1607, when his eldest daughter, Susanna, a girl witty above her sex,

a true Shakspeare, was married to John Hall, a physician—was there for the last years of his life—and there he died. His imagination and affections seem never to have strayed from Stratford; and even while in London, he constantly saw

“A river flow down the vale of Cheapside”—

it was the Avon; and woods clustering up the declivity of Ludgate Hill—they were the dear old woods of Charlote.

Queen Elizabeth had shown him many marks of favour, and had, according to the traditional story, encouraged him to write the “Merry Wives,” and to show Falstaff in love. James I., on his accession to the throne, continued the patronage, and granted to Shakspeare and his fellow-shareholders a special licence to prosecute their trade in all parts of the kingdom. Shakspeare seems to have frequently acted before James, and his plays were special favourites. In 1597 he had commenced the separate publication of his plays, and continued this practice till 1600, publishing in this way—“Richard II.,” “Richard III.,” “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” “Henry IV.,” “Romeo and Juliet,” “The Merchant of Venice,” “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” and “Much Ado About Nothing,” but with the last the series stopped for the time.

In 1601 he lost his father. In the same year it is supposed that, with a company of players, he visited Scotland—went as far north as Aberdeen, and collected materials for “Macbeth.” The evidence for this is not very strong, but we are very much inclined to believe it, and fondly dream that he drew the “blasted heath,” the “castle with its pleasant seat,” and the “martlet’s loved mansionry” from actual realities. It is intolerable to suppose that the greatest of poets never saw a real mountain, and yet there is no evidence that, unless in this journey to Scotland, he ever did.

In 1602, he gave £320 for one hundred and seven acres of land, which he attached to his property in the New Place; and in 1605 he purchased a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford for the sum of £440. He had been even

before this acting the part of a regular farmer there, selling malt, and prosecuting for debts contracted in corn. Edmund Burke, the Shakspeare of statesmen, was as great amongst the turnips and hayricks of Beaconsfield as on the floor of St Stephen's ; and Shakspeare could walk in from a sale of malt, and sit down to write the caldron scene in "Macbeth." When not at his farm himself, he had his brother Gilbert as his representative. Richard, another brother, was also resident in Stratford, where he died a year before the poet. His youngest brother, Edmund, had become, under William, a player in London, and died in 1607.

In 1608, there is evidence, from a case of jurisdiction in reference to the playhouse, which came on before Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, that Shakspeare had become the chief proprietor, next to Richard Burbage, of the Blackfriars' theatre. His income, from that source alone, amounted to at least two hundred pounds. He derived a similar sum from the Globe. Altogether, he was worth four or five hundred a-year, which some reckon equivalent to five or six times the value in our present money (to £3000) ; so that if this be true, Shakspeare, next to Scott, Rogers, and Byron, must have been the richest of recorded poets.

In 1609, he published that strange book "The Sonnets," some of which had been written as early as 1598. We have something to say afterwards on their poetical merit. To discuss the many questions connected with their *object*, or objects, would exhaust a volume. Some have supposed them addressed to a male, and that male has been vainly sought in the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, one W. Hughes, and (*credat Judaeus !*) Queen Elizabeth, transformed for the nonce into a man. Some have supposed them addressed to a beautiful dissolute female, with whom Shakspeare was, it is said, infatuatedly in love. This theory is, we have reason to know, very ably supported in an unpublished treatise by an eminent Scotchman, a professor of literature in London. (We trust, whatever be its effect on Shakspeare's reputation, that this essay will yet be given to the world.) Some have thought these Sonnets are arranged according to a definite,

although shadowy, plan, while others maintain that they are quite disjointed and fragmentary ; some that they are all addressed to one individual, and others that they are addressed to various persons ; some that they are substantially real, and others that they are entirely fictitious. We incline, so far as our present light goes, to that theory which would save Shakspere's *character*, although at the expense of the artistic coherence of his Sonnets. These seem the records of a vast number of moods, some his own, and some assumed, which have been thrown at haphazard, and without any order, as if into a common receptacle ; and they constitute when taken out and read a mere chaos—although it be a chaos of interest and poetic beauty. It is most singular how the mystery, which more or less shrouds Shakspere's entire history, should have intensified into a very blackness of darkness over the only work of his which partakes of an autobiographical character. This much we gather from them—as indeed the perusal of some of his plays might have also taught us—that although our poet's career outwardly was quiet and successful, there were strange experiences, dark trials, Hecla springs of passion, chagrin, and disappointment, working wildly under the smooth surface, and forcing at times a convulsive and terrible outlet. Under the bosom of the “Gentle Willy,” as under the green earth, his “mighty mother,” there lay many fearful and unsounded abysses and seas of central flame.

Yet few men, on the whole, seem to have enjoyed life better than our poet. He is said to have been in general sociable, frank, warm-hearted, and witty ; and at the Mermaid Club—a club instituted by Sir Walter Raleigh—he, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and other famous men of the time, engaged in wit contests of the most brilliant and memorable kind. Fuller, who witnessed them, compares Ben Jonson to a great Spanish galleon, filled with a richer freight of learning, and more solid, but slower in his performances ; while Shakspere was an English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, and better at tacking about and taking advantage of all winds. Between these two wits, contrary to what used to be the common opinion, there seems to have existed a good feeling. As with Scott and

Byron, and also with Wordsworth and Southey, while minor writers were envying and maligning, biting and devouring one another, they felt themselves so far superior to all the rest, as to entertain no jealousy or rivalship among themselves. It is the fierce fires of quite a lower region of the atmosphere which contest superiority, and rend the clouds in lightning; the stars, serene above the thunder-storm, smile to each other across the gulps of space, and exchange nothing but glances of emulous and everlasting love.

To Stratford, at last, Shakspeare determined to retire. He had laid past an ample provision for probably the remaining part of his life. He was sick of the stage. He had never much liked or enjoyed much success in the work of the mere actor: here, as Scott in speech making, Burke in verse writing, and Byron in parliamentary oratory, Shakspeare was only a common man, and seems to have generally enacted secondary characters, such as the Ghost in "Hamlet," and the Old Adam in "As You Like It." His heart, too, we have seen, was always in his native town, and there now was his treasure also. It is generally said that he did not retire till 1613, and that he spent three years of perfect leisure amongst his native woods and dales. Others, however, have maintained that he withdrew himself from London in 1604, although he continued to write two plays each year for the stage, and reaped the profits accordingly. These plays are supposed to have been—"Lear," "Macbeth," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "Henry VIII.," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," precisely the most powerful, varied, and matured of all his productions.

Supposing this to be the true history of his later years, how interesting! Our poet, in the very prime of life, just forty years of age, with few gray hairs, and with many laurels on his head—happy in his family—wealthy in his circumstances, leaves London without a sigh for his native town, carrying with him at the same time the most glorious literary projects as work for the maturity of his manhood. He sits quietly down in his house called New Place—he overlooks his fields—

he plants his famous mulberry-tree—he revisits all the haunts of his boyhood—he is found at one time presiding over his reapers, again frequenting the sales of corn and of malt, and anon attending the meetings of the magistrates of the little town—and in the evenings, according to his mood, he either hies to the ale-house and smokes his pipe and drinks his pot, and enjoys the humours of the Dogberries or the Slenders of the place, or when the spirit of inspiration is felt hovering near him, he shuts himself up in his chamber, and is heard, now in tragic tones uttering aloud the words in Lear—

“ Ye Heavens, if ye do love old men,
If ye *yourselves* are old,
Avenge me of my daughters,”

and now laughing “ wild laughers three,” as he cries with the cunning Autolycus in the Winter’s Tale, “ Oh, that I had never been born ! ” or sings to himself that immortal pedlar’s inimitable doggrel—

“ Masks for faces and for noses,” &c.

One day (it is mythically supposed by an ingenious writer) he is bilious, probably after a field-night with some of the Toby Belches of the town, and cannot write a bit. A Euphuist of his acquaintance has just called, and the poet confesses his plight, and proposes to remedy it by swallowing a pill. “ What ! ” exclaims the Euphuist, “ make the Swan of Avon dependent upon a drug. Insult to the immortal soul to suppose that aught so basely material is needed to clear its divine eyesight, or to quicken its heavenward flight ! ” “ Nevertheless,” rejoins Shakspeare, tapping the shoulder of his enthusiastic friend, “ we’ll try the pill ; ” and that very night the fair island of Miranda, the loveliest of all human imaginations, appears on his page, and glorifies it far more than if a shower of fairy gold had dropped on it from above. News, too, are ever and anon reaching him from the far city of the great triumphs of his other and his other new play ; and his heart within him is glad. Occasional trips to London diversify his life, and thus, smoothly on the whole, glide away the last delightful years of this greatest of the sons of men.

Some calamities, indeed, there are to darken this bright tissue. In 1608 his good old mother died, and in 1613 his brother Richard. A fire in 1614 breaks out in the town, does great damage, and must excite Shakspeare's keen commisera-
tion. He is found at this time busy about a project for the enclosure of the common fields of Stratford, and is consulted on that and other matters as the most public-spirited man in the town.

The year 1616 opens brightly with our poet. On the 10th of February, the bells of Stratford ring at the news of the marriage of his younger daughter, Judith, to Thomas Quiney. About this time, whether having a view to this marriage, or feeling some presentiments of approaching death, he draws out his last will, a copy of which is subjoined to this as to all former lives of Shakspeare. In this he has been thought to use his wife scandalously, "cutting her off not with a shilling, but with an old bed." But Knight has conclusively shown that she was otherwise and amply provided for, by the clear operation of the English law, having a life-interest of a third in her husband's houses, garden, and lands.

But now even the door of William Shakspeare must tremble at the knock of the postman of the Black River. The Myriad-minded who "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new"—who dealt with human life as a Creator, with the human heart as an angelic Witness—whose eye, if we dare use the expression, had run like a flame of fire through all the earth—Shakspeare must become a little lump of dust, as though a star were to be dissolved into a few dead ashes, the sport of every wind! And how died that mighty being? What was the mode of the "exit" of this Prince of Dramatists, and of men? It was, some think, in the character of Bardolph! A vicar of Stratford, writing forty-six years after, asserts that Shakspeare died of a fever contracted by a merry meeting held between him, Drayton, and Ben Jonson. Let us cling, however, to the hope that this story is one of the ten thousand floating lies told of celebrated men, and that with his heart, *not* overcharged with rioting and drunkenness, but in the full possession of his mighty faculties, and with all that humble reliance upon Christ,

which his will expresses, he (as Johnson so earnestly wished to do) "surrendered his soul to God, unclouded," and was accepted in the Beloved. It is a solemn, yet a cheering thought, that all men, even a Shakspeare, must enter into life by the one narrow way; that there is no royal road to heaven; and that as Moses had to take off his shoes in approaching the burning bush, as imperatively as had he been the veriest slave, so a Shakspeare must resign all his splendid faculties, and cast aside the magical buskins of his unparalleled art, and either as a little child enter the kingdom of God, or remain without. Cordially do we join with Charles Knight in trusting that "the closing scene was full of tranquillity and hope." It took place on the 23d of April 1616. He was fifty-three years of age. He died, it is supposed, on his birthday, and was buried, on the 25th of the month, in the north side of the great church in Stratford. The epitaph on his grave—the kind of monument erected over his ashes—the fate of his family—the history of his works—and his singularly majestic personal presence are all too familiar to all his readers to require any record here.

We have not left ourselves room for much criticism. On the general characteristics of his genius, or on his dramatic works, we are not called to enter, and surely the omission may be pardoned. But a few remarks will be permitted on the special question—how far are his leading qualities exhibited in his poems properly so called.

These principal faculties may be classed as universality, impersonality, imagination, wit, humour, and a knowledge of the springs of human action absolutely boundless. How are these displayed in Shakspeare's poetry? As the ocean is displayed in a little creek, and as the sun in a wave of water, they are there; but there, diminished in size and lessened in force and lustre. The "Venus and Adonis," "Lucrece," and the "Sonnets," bear a certain proportion to Shakspeare's general powers, and to his greater achievements; but not a proportion nearly so large as that between the "Comus" and "Lycidas" of Milton and his "Paradise Lost." Indeed, we fear that but for the popularity of his plays, his poetry had ere this been known

only as that of Quarles, Crashaw, and Donne is now known. For Shakspeare's peculiar gift of universality, the power of wide, total, and catholic vision, there was little scope in small love poems, although glimpses of it appear particularly in the "Sonnets." Impersonality, the purely dramatic power—the power by which "his spirit loses its own selfish being, and becomes a mighty organ through which Nature gives utterance to the full diapason of her notes," and which Scott has finely compared to the power of the Arabian magician, of shooting his soul into different bodies, is visible especially in his "Venus and Adonis," where, says Coleridge, "it is as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view." Coleridge adds, that this spirit is "meanwhile *unparticipating* in the passions." This we venture to doubt. That Shakspeare, indeed, participated to the *full* in the passions he impersonated, is impossible, else he must have been at one time, as mad as Lear; again, as jealous as Othello; and at a third, as cruel as Escalus, in "Measure for Measure;" but that he preserved a thorough calm and neutrality of spirit, amidst all the fiery bursts of love, anger, grief, insanity, ambition, and despair, which his pen was inscribing, we cannot believe. How could he be calm, while recording those awful howls of Othello, "O, O, O!" or those reeling words of Lear—

"Darkness and devils, saddle my horses!
Call my train together!"

This were to make him either more or less, or something different from men, either a god or a demon, or a cool statuesque artist like Goethe, who seems a compound of the demon and the god, with very little of the man. But Shakspeare was intensely human; and without ascribing to him the volcanic heat and turbulence of a Byron, in his depiction of the human heart, we do ascribe to him a warm and strong sympathy with the very fiercest and most incontrollable of all the passions which he drew. Goethe paints as if the world and all its in-

habitants were dead, and their blood and bones transformed into boxes of colours for his palette. Shakspeare draws from living figures, and with fingers that often tremble, a heart that often palpitates, and a brow that often flushes as he proceeds.

Wit and humour were out of the plan of his poems ; but every page sparkles with that peculiar kind of imagination which not only sees images in series, but as forming a whole consentaneous picture, where, as in nature, every atom is a little, and every sun a large whole, and which not only describes general and obvious, but subtle and secret analogies. How fine such passages as

“Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned in a goal of snow.”

“Or ivory in an alabaster band.”

“The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven’s sweetest air.”

“Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye.”

“Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy.”

His boundless knowledge of the human heart is conspicuous in the whole management of the passions of all the poems, as well as in those delicate “asides,” which seem to slip unconsciously from his lips—those little traits which slide in as from some supernal hand on the canvas, and are as strange to the artist as to the spectators. Such Shakspearian touches abound especially in that otherwise crabbed and quaint production the “Rape of Lucrece.”

“Venus and Adonis” must ever be admired for the exquisite linked melody of its verse, which reminds you of the waving of the wings of a swan of Leda, or of one of the doves of the Cyprian goddess herself, and for its numerous and vivid natural descriptions, some of them too natural, it must be confessed; and the “Rape of Lucrece,” “A Lover’s Complaint,” &c., are remarkable for the rich Shakspearian matter; the

precious gems which the dross of their obsolete language seeks to conceal. But it is over the Sonnets that the poetical reader is likely to linger with special fondness and special provocation, as over enigmas, written indeed in golden characters, but written in an unknown tongue; and which, although apparently intended to cast light on the history, do, in reality, only reveal new riches in the genius and new mysteries in the personal experience of the poet.

We have said before that we have been able to form no definite opinion as to the various moot-points with regard to the reality or unreality of these Sonnets, or as to the occasion of their being written. We would advise their readers to dismiss all theories on these subjects from their thoughts, and to listen to Shakspeare in his Sonnets as they might to a bird in a spring morning

“Pouring her full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,”

without caring to know what passions are beating in her little bosom, and prompting her liquid melody; or, as Wordsworth describes himself listening to the unknown Gaelic song of the solitary Highland reaper in the field. Let them admire the Sonnets for the exquisite beauty of their imagery, which appears in more lavish abundance than even in his dramas—for the melody of their versification, a melody unparalleled for its compass, variety, and richness, and which seems to combine

“All harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills;
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas;
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound,
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
The world enkindles on its way,”

—for the blended power and sweetness of its language, which resembles now a stream of honey, and now a strong, clear river—and for the conviction which they force upon us, that Shakspeare, with all his transcendent powers, had his weaknesses, his chagrins, his jealousies, and his melancholies as well as other men—and thus teach us the frailty of man, “the glory and the nothing of a name,” and that there is something more needed for the happiness and peace of the heart than intellect or genius.

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

*“Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliae, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiae quadragesimo nono.
Anno Domini 1616.*

“In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

“First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

“Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, and her heirs for ever.

“Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the

end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors are to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath, the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

"Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

"Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, Thomas Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

"Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate (except my broad silver and gilt bowl) that I now have at the date of this my will.

"Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr Thomas Combe, my sword; to Thomas Russek, esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

"Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker, twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr John Nash, twenty-six shillings

eight-pence ; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

"Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter, Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley Street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid ; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived, or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick ; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London, near the Wardrobe ; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever ; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life ; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing, and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing ; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing ; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain, to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males ; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing ; for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing ; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

"Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.

"Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattles, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and pub-

xl THE LIFE AND POETRY OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

lish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

“By me,

William Shakspeare.

“*Witness to the publishing hereof,*

FRA. COLLYNS,
JULIUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATCOAT.

“*Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c., vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, do. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit &c. petitur. &c.”*

SHAKSPEARE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

'Villa miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'—OVID.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WROTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear¹ so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

1 EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

¹ 'Ear:' plough.

- 2 'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
 'The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are ;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.
- 3 'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
 A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know :
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
 And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses ;
- 4 'And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.'
- 5 With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.
- 6 Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

- 7 The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimblly she fastens ; (oh how quick is love !)
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove :
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.
- 8 So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.'
- 9 He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks :
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss' ;¹
 What follows more, she murders with a kiss.
- 10 Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires² with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends, she doth anew begin.
- 11 Forced to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,

¹ 'Miss : ' amiss, misbehaviour. — ² 'Tires : ' a hawking term — tears, preys on.

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

- 12 Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him
fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
Rain added to a river that is rank,¹
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.
- 13 Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red she loves him best ; and being
white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.
- 14 Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
wet ;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.
- 15 Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper² peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

¹ ‘Rank :’ full.—² ‘Dive-dapper :’ the dab-chick.

- 16 Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn :
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
 'Oh pity,' 'gan she cry, 'flint-hearted boy !
 'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?
- 17 'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war,
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.
- 18 'Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;
 Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.
- 19 'Thus he that overruled, I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :
 Strong-temp'rd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight !
- 20 'Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
 (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :—
 What seest thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;
 Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies :
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

21 'Art thou ashamed to kiss ? then wink again,
 And I will wink, so shall the day seem night ;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

22 'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be tasted ;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

23 'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'erworn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not
 for thee ;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

24 'Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
 Mine eyes are gray,¹ and bright, and quick in turning ;
 My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning ;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

25 'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ;

¹ 'Gray : ' used for blue, see verse 81.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

26 ' Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
me ;

Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
sky,

From morn to night, even where I list to sport me :
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

27 ' Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

28 ' Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty,
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

29 ' Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.'

- 30 By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, ¹tired in the midday heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ; -
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.
- 31 And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
 His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie, no more of love !
 The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.'
- 32 'Ah me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind !
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone !
 I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.
- 33 'The sun that shines from heaven shines but
 warm,
 And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.
- 34 'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
 Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?

¹ 'Tired : ' attired.

Oh had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.¹

- 35 'What am I, that thou shouldst contemn² me this ?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be
mute :

Give me one kiss, I 'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

- 36 'Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.'

- 37 This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :
And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments³ break.

- 38 Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

¹ 'Unkind : ' unnatural.—² 'Contemn : ' contemptuously refuse.—³ 'Intendments : ' intentions.

- 39 'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee
here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

- 40 'Within this limit is relief enough,

Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain :
Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

- 41 At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,

That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there Love lived, and there he could not die.

- 42 These lovely caves, these round-enchanting pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
Poor Queen of Love ! in thine own law forlorn,
To love the cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

- 43 Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she
say ?

Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :

‘Pity,’—she cries,—‘some favour—some
remorse’,¹

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

- 44 But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis’ trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
The strong-neck’d steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

- 45 Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven’s
thunder ;
The iron bit he crushes ’tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

- 46 His ears up prick’d ; his braided hanging mane ²
Upon his compass’d ³ crest now stand on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

- 47 Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried ;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

¹ ‘Remorse :’ tenderness.—² ‘Mane :’ used as a plural noun.—³ ‘Com-passed :’ arched.

- 48 What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say ?'
 What cares he now for curb or pricking spur ?
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.
- 49 Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;
 So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.
- 50 Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back.
- 51 Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather ;
 To bid the wind a base¹ he now prepares,
 And whe'r² he run, or fly, they knew not whether :
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.
- 52 He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
 She answers him as if she knew his mind :
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind :

¹ 'To bid the wind a base : ' to challenge to the game of base, prison-base, or prison-bars, in which one runs and another pursues.—² ' Whe'r : ' whether.

Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he
 feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

- 53 Then like a melancholy malecontent,
 He vails¹ his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :
 His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.
- 54 His testy master goeth about to take him ;
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
 them,
 Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.
- 55 All swell'n with chasing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast ;
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be bless'd ;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.
- 56 An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney² once is
 mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

¹ ‘ Vails.’ lowers.—² ‘ Heart's attorney :’ the tongue.

- 57 He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 (Even as a dying coal revives with wind),
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind ;
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askance he holds her in his eye.
- 58 Oh what a sight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue !
 How white and red each other did destroy !
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.
- 59 Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.
- 60 Oh what a war of looks was then between them !
 Her eyes petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
 And all this dumb play had his¹ acts made
 plain
 With tears which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

- 61 Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe :

¹ ‘Hia :’ it.

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

- 62 Once more the engine of her thoughts began :

‘ Oh fairest mover on this mortal round !
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;¹
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee
Though nothing but my body’s bane would cure thee.’

- 63 ‘ Give me my hand,’ saith he, ‘ why dost thou feel it ? ’

‘ Give me my heart,’ saith she, ‘ and thou shalt have it ;
Oh give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it, . . .
And being steel’d, soft sighs can never grave it :
Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.’

- 64 ‘ For shame,’ he cries, ‘ let go, and let me go ;

My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone,
And ’tis your fault I am bereft him so ;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone :
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.’

- 65 Thus she replies : ‘ Thy palfrey, as he should,

Welcomest the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool’d ;
Else, suffer’d, it will set the heart on fire :
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

- 66 ‘ How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,

Servilely master’d with a leathern rein :

¹ ‘ Thy heart my wound : ’ thy heart wounded as mine is.

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

- 67 'Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint that dare not be so bold,
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?
- 68 'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
 Oh learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.'
- 69 'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it,
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.
- 70 'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
 The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.
- 71 'You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :

Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
 Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery ;
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.'

- 72 'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue?
 Oh would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !
 Thy mermaid's¹ voice hath done me double wrong ;
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
 Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
 wounding.
- 73 'Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible ;
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
 Each part in me that were but sensible :
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.
- 74 'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
 Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

- 75 'But, oh what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
 Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast ?'

¹ 'Mermaid : ' used for syren.

76 Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws¹ to herdmen and to herds.

77 This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

78 And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
 The silly boy, believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red :

79 And all amazed brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

80 He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;
 He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

¹ 'Flaws : ' sudden blasts of wind.

- 81 The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumined with her eye ;
- 82 Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
- 83 'Oh, where am I ?' quoth she—'in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I lived, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.
- 84 'Oh thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.
- 85 'Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
 Oh never let their crimson liveries wear !
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection¹ from the dangerous year !

¹ 'To drive infection : ' rooms were strewed with fragrant herbs, to prevent infection.

That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

- 86 'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.'

- 87 'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?'

- 88 'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness¹ with my unripe years ;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.'

- 89 'Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late ;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.'

- 90 'Now let me say "Good-night," and so say you ;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.'

¹ 'Strangeness : ' bashfulness.

'Good night,' quoth she ; and, ere he says 'Adieu,'
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is :
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;
 Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.

- 91 Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 (Their lips together glued), fall to the earth.
- 92 Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
 high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
- 93 And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.
- 94 Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tamed with too much
 handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing,
 Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

- 95 What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
 And yields at last to every light impression ?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave¹ exceeds commission :
 Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.
- 96 When he did frown, oh, had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
 What though the rose have prickles ? yet 'tis pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.
- 97 For pity now she can no more detain him ;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
 She is resolved no longer to restrain him ;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incagèd in his breast.
- 98 'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?'
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.
- 99 'The boar !' quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

¹ 'Leave : ' licence.

- 100 Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip¹ Elysium, and to lack her joy.
- 101 Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw :
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.
- 102 But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
 She hath assay'd as much as may be proved ;
 Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee ;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
 ‘Fie, fie,’ he says, ‘you crush me ; let me go ;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.’
- 103 ‘Thou hadst been gone,’ quoth she, ‘sweet boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me thou would'st hunt the boar,
 Oh be advised ! thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal² butcher, bent to kill.
- 104 ‘On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
 His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret ;
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
 Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his cruel tushes slay.

¹ ‘Clip :’ clasp. ² ‘Mortal :’ deadly.

- 105 'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter ;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.
- 106 'Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.
- 107 'Oh, let him keep his loathsome cabin still !
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends ;
Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.
- 108 'Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.
- 109 'For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, " Kill, kill ; "
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

- 110 'This sour informer, this ¹bate-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up love's tender spring,²
 This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :
- 111 'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;
 Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.
- 112 'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 That tremble at the imagination ?
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And fear doth teach it divination :
 I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.
- 113 'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me ;
 Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 Or at the fox, which lives by subtily,
 Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
 Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
 And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
 hounds.
- 114 'And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care
 He cranks ³ and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
- ¹ 'Bate:' strife.—² 'Spring:' young shoot.—³ 'Crankes:' winds.

The many musits¹ through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

115 'Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

116 'For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

117 'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

118 'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way :
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

119 'Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :

¹ 'Musits : 'gaps in hedges or thickets, through which the hare is wont to pass.

To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralise,
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

- 120 'Where did I leave ?'—'No matter where,' quoth he,
 'Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent.'—'Why what of that ?' quoth she.
 'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends !
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.'—
 'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.'
- 121 'But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
 The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.'
- 122 'Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shrine,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were
 divine,
 Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's
 despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.'

- 123 'And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances and much misery ;

- 124 'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,¹
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.'
- 125 'And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :
 Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.'
- 126 'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.'
- 127 'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.'
- 128 'So in thyself thyself art made away ;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
 Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.'

' Wood : ' mad.

- 129 'Nay, then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme ;
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.
- 130 'If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ;
- 131 'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.
- 132 'What have you urged that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase ; oh strange excuse !
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.
- 133 'Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

- 134 'Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
 Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
 Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.'
- 135 'More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;¹
 Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.'
- 136 With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark laund² runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;
- 137 Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
 Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend ;
 So did the merciless and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.
- 138 Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

¹ 'Teen : ' grief.—² 'Laund : ' lawn.

- 139 And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
 ‘Ah me !’ she cries, and twenty times, ‘woe, woe !’
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.
- 140 She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp’rally a woful ditty ;
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.
- 141 Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
 For lovers’ hours are long, though seeming short :
 If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
 End without audience, and are never done.
- 142 For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
 Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?
 She says, ‘ ‘Tis so :’ they answer all, ‘ ‘Tis so ;’
 And would say after her, if she said ‘ No.’
- 143 Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish’d gold.

- 144 Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
 ‘ O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 There lives a son, that suck’d an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.’
- 145 This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o’erworn,
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
 Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth¹ to the cry.
- 146 And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.
- 147 By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whercat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath’d up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.
- 148 For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain court’sy who shall cope him first.

¹ ‘ Coasteth : ’ advanceth.

- 149 This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.
- 150 Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
 Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;—
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;
- 151 Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither ;
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murther.
- 152 A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the path that she untreads again :
 Her more than haste is mated¹ with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respect,² yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.
- 153 Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And there she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

¹ 'Mated :' confounded.—² 'Respect :' circumspection.

- 154 When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.
- 155 Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.
- 156 ' Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love,' (thus chides she Death,) ' Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?
- 157 ' If he be dead,—oh no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it—
 Oh yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.
- 158 ' Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his¹ power.
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

¹ ' His : ' for its.

159 'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,

Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

160 Here overcome, as one full of despair,

She vail'd¹ her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair

In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;

But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

161 Oh how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !

Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;

Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

162 Variable passions throng her constant woe,

As striving who should best become her grief ;

All entertain'd, each passion labours so

That every present sorrow seemeth chief,

But none is best ; then join they altogether,

Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

163 By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo ;

A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well :

The dire imagination she did follow

This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;

¹ 'Vail'd : ' lowered.

For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

- 164 Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.
- 165 Oh hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.
- 166 Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all-to¹ naught ;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.
- 167 'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but jest ;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.
- 168 'Tis not my fault : the boar provoked my tongue ;
Be break'd on him, invisible commander ;

¹ 'All-to : ' entirely, altogether.

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander :
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.'

- 169 Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With Death she humbly doth insinuate ;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs ; and stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.
- 170 'O Jove,' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,
 To wail his death, who lives and must not die,
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
- 171 'Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves ;
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.'
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.
- 172 As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.
- 173 Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head ;

- 174 Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

- 175 Whereat each tributary subject quakes :
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound :
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

- 176 And being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

- 177 This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth :
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

- 178 Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,

That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

179 ' My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet,' quoth she, ' behold two Adons dead !

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

180 ' Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

181 ' Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair ;

182 ' And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep ;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks ; then would Adonis weep :
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

183 ' To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him.

To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him :
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

- 184 'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries ;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

- 185 'But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted¹ boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore :
 Witness the entertainment that he gave ;
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

- 186 "'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there .
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

- 187 'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him
 first ;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.'
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

¹ 'Urchin-snouted : ' snouted like a hedgehog.

- 188 She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
 As if they heard the woful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :
- 189 Two glasses where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect ;
 'Wonder of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite,
 That you being dead, the day should yet be light.'
- 190 'Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.'
- 191 'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.'
- 192 'It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;¹
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.'

¹ 'Measures : ' dances with slow measured steps.

- 193 'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just ;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.
- 194 'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissesion 'twixt the son and sire ;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire ;
 Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.'
- 195 By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.
- 196 She bows her head, the new sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.
- 197 'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes :
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast as in his blood.'

- 198 'Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.'
- 199 Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesly,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.¹ The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinus, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome, and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus

¹ "Moiety :" portion.

Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king : wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

- 1 FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathèd Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.
- 2 Haply that name of chaste unhappy set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite,
 When Collatine unwisely did not let¹
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.
- 3 For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,

¹ ‘Let :’ forbear.

That kings might be espousèd to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

4 O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !

And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun !
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun :
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

5 Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

6 Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty

Suggested¹ this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

7 But some untimely thought did instigate

His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
Oh rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts,² and ne'er grows old !

¹ 'Suggested : ' tempted.—² 'Blasts : ' used as a verb neuter.

- 8 When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her fame :
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
 shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that or¹ with silver white.
- 9 But beauty, in that white intitulèd,²
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
 white.
- 10 This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right :
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.
- 11 This silent war of lilies and of roses
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquishèd doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

¹ 'Or:' gold.—² 'Intitulèd:' having a title to.

- 12 Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
 (The niggard prodigal that praised her so)
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 Therefore that praise¹ which Collatine doth owe,²
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.
- 13 This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :
- 14 For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
 That nothing in him seemed inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.
- 15 But she that never coped with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling³ looks,
 Nor read the subtle-shining secracies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
 hooks ;
 Nor could she moralise⁴ his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

¹ 'Praise : ' object of praise.—² 'Owe : ' possess.—³ 'Parling : ' speaking.—
⁴ 'Moralise : ' interpret.

16 He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy,
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

17 Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

18 For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending¹ weariness with heavy spright ;
 For, after supper, long he questionèd²
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight ;
 And every one to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
 wakes.

19 As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining ;
 Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

¹ ‘Intending :’ pretending.—² ‘Questioned :’ conversed.

- 20 Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they possess
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,¹
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
- 21 The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
 As life for honour, in fell battle's rage ;
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.
- 22 So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.
- 23 Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
 And for himself, himself he must forsake :
 Then where is truth if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days ?
- 24 Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes ;

¹ 'Their bond : ' their secure hold.

No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs : pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

- 25 And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.
- 26 His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
 As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'
- .27 Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise ;
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :
- 28 ' Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine !
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :

Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
 weed.

29 'Oh shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 Oh foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 Oh impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ;¹
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then my digression² is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

30. 'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive
 To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;
 That my posterity, shamed with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

31 'What win I if I gain the thing I seek ?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week ?
 Or sells eternity to get a toy ?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

32 'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,

¹ 'Fancy's slave : ' love's slave.—² 'Digression : ' for transgression.

This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

- 33 'Oh what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.'

- 34 'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.'

- 35 'Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own ;
The worst is but denial, and reproving :
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth¹ be kept in awe.'

- 36 Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

¹ 'Painted cloth : ' painted hangings inscribed with moral sentences.

37 Quoth he, 'She took me kindly by the hand,
 And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
 Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.'

Oh how her fear did make her colour rise !
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took¹ away.

38 'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear ;
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
 Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

39 'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights and will not be dismay'd.

40 'Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
 Respect¹ and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
 My heart shall never counterman mine eye :
 Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?'

41 As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost choked by unresisted lust.

¹ 'Took : ' being taken.—² 'Respect : ' prudence, that looks to consequences.

Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

- 42 Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine :
 That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline,
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part ;
- 43 And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.
- 44 The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforced, retires his ward ;
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
 Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.
- 45 As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct¹ in this case ;

¹ 'Conduct : ' conductor.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

- 46 And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
 He takes it from the rushes¹ where it lies ;
 And griping it, the needl² his finger pricks :
 As who should say, This glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inured ; return again in haste ;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.
- 47 But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial :
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial ;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.
- 48 'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
 And give the sneapèd³ birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
 sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'
- 49 Now is he come unto the chamber door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,

¹ 'Rushes : ' with which apartments were strewed.—² 'Needl : ' needle.—³ 'Sneaped : ' checked.

That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

- 50 But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts :—quoth he, ‘I must deflower ;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act ?

- 51 ‘ Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !
My will is back’d with resolution :
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear’d with absolution ;
Against love’s fire fear’s frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.’

- 52 This said, his guilty hand pluck’d up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide ;
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch ;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

- 53 Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,¹
And gazeth on her yet unstainèd bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :
By their high treason is his heart misled ;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

¹ ‘ To stalk : ’ to walk softly and warily, as a huntsman steals upon his game.

- 54 Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed ;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.
- 55 Oh, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill !
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposèd still :
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.
- 56 Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
Between whose hills her head entombèd is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.
- 57 Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
- 58 Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !

Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.

- 59 Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquerèd,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honourèd.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.
- 60 What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tired.¹
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.
- 61 As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :
- 62 And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,

¹ ‘Tired :’ a hunting phrase ; the falcon was said to *tire*, or glut himself, on his prey.

In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
 Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

- 63 His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.
- 64 They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :
 She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.
- 65 Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspéct sets every joint a-shaking ;
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worser taking,
 From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposèd terror true.
- 66 Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

- 67 His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk,¹ that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.
- 68 First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.
- 69 Thus he replies : ' The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,))
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.
- 70 ' Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

¹ ' Bulk : ' body.

71 'I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting :
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.'

72 'I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed ;
 But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.'

73 This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth¹ the fowl below with his wing's shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he
 dies ;
 So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

74 'Lucrece,' quoth he, 'this night I must enjoy thee :
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.'

¹ 'Coucheth :' makes to couch.

75 'So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

76 'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

77 'Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot ;
 Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot :'
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

78 Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's² sharp
 claws,
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite :

¹ 'Birth-hour's blot : ' corporeal blemish.—² 'Grype : ' the eagle, or any large bird of prey.

- 79 But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.
- 80 Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse
panteth ;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.
- 81 Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.
- 82 She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

- 83 Quoth she, ‘Reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;¹
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee :
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended :
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.
- 84 ‘ My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
 Thou look’st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
 thee.
 If ever man were moved with woman’s moans,
 Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;
- 85 ‘ All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion ;
 For stones dissolved to water do convert.
 Oh, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate !
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.
- 86 ‘ In Tarquin’s likeness I did entertain thee ;
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong’st his honour, wound’st his princely
 name.
 Thou art not what thou seem’st ; and if the same,
 Thou seem’st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
 For kings like gods should govern everything.

¹ ‘ Pretended : ’ proposed to thyself.

87. ' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring !
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king ?
Oh be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away ;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
- 88 ' This deed will make thee only loved for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove :
If but for fear of this thy will remove ;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.
- 89 ' And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
Thou back'st reproach against long-livèd laud,
And makest fair reputation but a bawd.
- 90 ' Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?
- 91 ' Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother :
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 Oh how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes !

92 'To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;
 I sue for exiled majesty's repeal ;¹
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
 His true respect will 'prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.'

93 'Have done,' quoth he, 'my uncontrollèd tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'

94 'Thou art,' quoth she, 'a sea, a sovereign king ;
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

95 'So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;

¹ 'Repeal : ' recall.

Thou loathèd in their shame, they in thy pride :
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

- 96 'So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state'—
 'No more,' quoth he, 'by heaven, I will not hear
 thee :
 Yield to my love ; if not, enforcèd hate,
 Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.'

- 97 This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.
 The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

- 98 For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
 Cooling his hot face in the charest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 Oh, that prone¹ lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

- 99 But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forcèd league doth force a further strife,

¹ 'Prone : ' headstrong.

This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain :
 Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
 And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

- 100 Look, as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight ;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will that lived by foul devouring.

- 101 Oh deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
 Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

- 102 And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

- 103 So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 graced :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;

To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

- 104 She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual ;
 Which in her prescience she controllèd still,
 But her foresight could not forestall their will.
- 105 Even in this thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.
- 106 He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there :
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;
 She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear :
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
 She stays exclaiming on the direful night :
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathèd delight.
- 107 He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
 She there remains a hopeless castaway :
 He in his speed looks for the morning light ;
 She prays she never may behold the day ;
 'For day,' quoth she, 'night's scapes doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practised how
 To cloak offences with a cunning brow.'

108 'They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For ~~they~~^{she} their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.'

109 Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
 Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
 Against the unseen secrecy of night :

110 'O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame !
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
 With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

111 'O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night,
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd course of time !
 Or, if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

112 'With rotten damps ravish the morning air :
 Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;¹
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

- 113 'Were Tarquin night (as he is but Night's child),
 The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
 Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
 Through Night's black bosom should not peep again ;
 So should I have copartners in my pain :
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

- 114 'Where² now I have no one to blush with me,
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
 But I alone alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

- 115 'O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
 Let not the jealous Day behold that face
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace !
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
 May likewise be sepúlcher'd in thy shade !

- 116 'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !
 The light will show, character'd in my brow,
 The story of sweet Chastity's decay,

¹ 'Noontide prick : ' point of noon.—² 'Where : ' whereas.

The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To 'cipher what is writ in learnèd books,
 Will quote¹ my loathsome trespass in my looks.

- 117 'The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How Tarquin wrongèd me, I Collatine.

- 118 'Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserved reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

- 119 'O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
 O unfehl sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot² afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows !

- 120 'If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :

¹ 'Quote:' mark.—² 'Mot:' motto.

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

- 121 'Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—

 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue ;—Oh, unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

- 122 'Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?

 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not pollute.

- 123 'The aged man that coffers up his gold

 Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

- 124 'So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,

 And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursèd-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd souris,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

125 'Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
 What virtue breeds iniquity devours :
 We have no good that we can say is ours.
 But ill-annexèd Opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

126 'O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
 'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason ;
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

127 'Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

128 'Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame ;
 Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
 Thy smoothing¹ titles to a ragged name ;
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

129 'When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?

¹ 'Smoothing : ' flattering.

When wilt thou sort¹ an hour great strifes to end ?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

- 130 'The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

- 131 'When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
 They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd¹
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

- 132 'Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination ;
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

- 133 'Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly Care ;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,

¹ 'Sort : ' assign.—² 'Appay'd : ' satisfied.

Base watch of woes, Sin's packhorse, Virtue's snare;
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
 Oh hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

- 134 'Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose ?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes ?
 Time's office is to fine¹ the hate of foes ;
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.
- 135 'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right ;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers :
- 136 'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;²
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel :
- 137 'To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild :
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled ;

¹ 'Fine : ' put an end to.—² 'Springs : ' shoots.

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

- 138 'Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?
One poor retiring¹ minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :
Oh, this dread night, wouldest thou one hour come
back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !
- 139 'Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night :
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.
- 140 'Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans ;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildncss.

- 141 'Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;

¹ 'Retiring : ' returning.

And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdainèd scraps to give.

- 142 'Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport :
And ever let his unrecalling¹ crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

- 143 'O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
 spill :
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

- 144 'The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded, presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

- 145 'The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceived fly with the filth away ;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.

¹ 'Unrecalling : ' not to be recalled.

Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

- 146 'Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
To trembling clients be you mediators :
For me, I force ¹ not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.
- 147 'In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defilèd blood.
- 148 'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afear'd to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'
- 149 This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death :
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from *Aetna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

¹ 'Force : ' regard or value.

150 'In vain,' quoth she, 'I live, and seek in vain
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
 Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife :
 But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;
 So am I now :—Oh no, that cannot be ;
 Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

151 'Oh! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give
 A badge of fame to slander's livery ;
 A dying life to living infamy ;
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

152 'Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth ;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
 He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

153 'Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
 Nor laugh with his companion at thy state ;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense,
 Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

154 'I will not poison thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;

My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
 My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

- 155 By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemn Night with slow sad gait descended
 To ugly hell ; when, lo ! the blushing Morrow
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.
- 156 Revealing day through every cranny spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
 To whom she sobbing speaks : ' Oh eye of eyes,
 Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy
 peeping ;
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.'
- 157 Thus cavils she with everything she sees :
 True grief is fond ¹ and testy as a child,
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild :
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,
 Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.
- 158 So she, deep-drenchèd in a sea of care,
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,

¹ 'Fond : ' foolish.

And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
 No object but her passion's strength renewes ;
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

- 159 The little birds, that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society :
 True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
 When with like semblance it is sympathised.

- 160 'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
 He ten times pines that pines beholding food :
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows :
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

- 161 ' You mocking birds,' quoth she, ' your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !
 (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
 A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 Distress likes dumps¹ when time is kept with tears.

- 162 ' Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,

¹ ' Dumps : ' melancholy airs.

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear:
 For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.¹

- 163 'And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,

Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

- 164 'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
 We will find out; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

- 165 As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily ;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

- 166 'To kill myself,' quoth she, 'alack ! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,

¹ ' Better skill : ' with better skill.

Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

- 167 'My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

- 168 'Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

- 169 'Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stainèd blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

- 170 'My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourèd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murther shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

171 'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou revenged may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

172 'This brief abridgment of my will I make :
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
 Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
 wound ;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

173 'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee¹ this will ;
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, " So be it,"
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.'

174 This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untuned tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

¹ 'Oversee : ' overseers, in addition to executors, were frequently appointed in wills.

- 175 Her mistress she doth give demure good morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 (For why ? her face wore sorrow's livery,)
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.
- 176 But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.
- 177 A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.
- 178 For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;¹
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.
- 179 Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;

¹ ‘ As marble will : ’ as men will.

In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep :
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

- 180 No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. Oh, let it not be hild¹
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses ! those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.
- 181 The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ?
- 182 By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
 'My girl,' quoth she, 'on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
 raining ?'
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

- 183 'But tell me, girl, when went'—(and there she stay'd
 Till after a deep groan) 'Tarquin from hence ?'
 'Madam, ere I was up,' replied the maid,

¹ 'Hild : ' held—so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.

'The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

- 184 'But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.'
 'Oh peace!' quoth Lucrece; 'if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less ;
 For more it is than I can well express :
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.'

- 185 'Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say ?—One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.'

- 186 Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall be before.

- 187 At last she thus begins : 'Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to afford
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
 Some present speed to come and visit me :

So I commend me from our house in grief ;
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

- 188 Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.
- 189 Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.
- 190 To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion¹ that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.
- 191 Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 'At Ardea to my lord with more than haste :'
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems ;
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

¹ 'Motion : ' dumb-show.

- 192 The homely villein court'sies to her low ;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame ;
- 193 When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.
- 194 His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
She thought he blushed, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed ;
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.
- 195 But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.
- 196 At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;
 Which the conceited¹ painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

- 197 A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life :
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.
- 198 There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
 Such sweet observance in the work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.
- 199 In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.
- 200 In Ajax and Ulysses, oh what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
 Their face their manners most expressly told :
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
 'Conceited : ' imaginative, ingenious.

But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

- 201 There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.
- 202 About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice :
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.
- 203 Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n¹ and
red ;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt² and swear ;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.
- 204 For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,³
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an arm'd hand ; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :

¹ 'Boll'n : ' swollen.—² 'Pelt : ' be in a clamorous passion ; to discharge hasty words as pellets.—³ 'Kind : ' natural.

A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

- 205 And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy,
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemèd to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.
- 206 And, from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd shore, and than¹
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.
- 207 To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.²
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

- 208 In her the painter had anatomised
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign ;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised ;
Of what she was no semblance did remain :
Her blue blood, changed to black in every vein,

¹ ‘Than :’ used for then.—² ‘Stel'd :’ traced.

Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

- 209 On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.
- 210 'Poor instrument,' quoth she, 'without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue :
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long ;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.
- 211 'Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear
Thy eye kindlèd the fire that burneth here :
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.
- 212 'Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo ?¹
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general ?

¹ Mo : ' more.

- 213 'Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,¹
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised² wounds,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds :
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.'
- 214 Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.
- 215 She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament :
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.
- 216 In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.
- 217 But, like a constant and confirmèd devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,

¹ 'Swounds : ' swoons.—² 'Unadvised : ' unknowing.

And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
 Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

- 218 The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;
 Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
 Of rich built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixèd places,
 When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces.

- 219 This picture she advisedly ¹ perused,
 And chid the painter for his wondrous skill ;
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,
 So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill ;
 And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
 That she concludes the picture was belied.

- 220 'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—
 (She would have said) 'can lurk in such a look ;'
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot'
 took ;
 'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus : 'It cannot be, I find,
 But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

- 221 'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,

¹ 'Advisedly:' attentively.

(As if with grief or travail he had fainted),
 To me came Tarquin armèd ; so beguiled¹
 With outward honesty, but yet defiled
 With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

- 222 'Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
 For every tear he falls,² a Trojan bleeds ;
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :
 Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.'

- 223 'Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
 And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
 These contraries such unity do hold,
 Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
 So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.'

- 224 Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
 'Fool ! fool !' quoth she, 'his wounds will not be
 sore.'

- 225 Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary Time with her complaining.
 'Beguiled : ' guilefully covered.—² 'Falls : ' for lets fall.

She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

226 Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,

That she with painted images hath spent :
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
 By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
 To think their dolour others have endured.

227 But now the mindful messenger, come back,

Brings home his lord and other company ;
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
 And round about her tear-distainèd eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
 These water-galls¹ in her dim element
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

228 Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,

Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
 But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

229 At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,

And thus begins : ' What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?

¹ ' Water-galls : ' watery appearances in the sky.

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
 Why art thou thus attired in discontent ?
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

- 230 Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
 At length address'd¹ to answer his desire,
 She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
 While Collatine and his consorted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

- 231 And now this pale swan in her watery nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
 ' Few words,' quoth she, ' shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
 In me more woes than words are now depending ;
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

- 232 ' Then be this all the task it hath to say :—
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

- 233 ' For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
 And softly cried, " Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame

¹ ' Address'd : ' prepared.

On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

- 234 "For some hard-favour'd groom of thine," quoth he,
 "Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed : this act will be
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy."
- 235 'With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word :
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.
- 236 'Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.
- 237 'Oh teach me how to make mine own excuse !
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
 Though my gross blood be stained with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 That was not forced ; that never was inclined
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.'

- 238 Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
 With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
 With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away, that stops his answer so :
 But wretch'd as he is, he strives in vain ;
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.
- 239 As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste ;
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast ;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
 Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.
- 240 Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
 ‘ Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.
- 241 ‘ And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;
 Be suddenly reveng'd on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.
- 242 ‘ But ere I name him, you, fair lords,’ quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine),

Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.'

- 243 At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. 'O speak,' quoth she,
 'How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?'

- 244 'What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declinèd honour to advance ?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;
 And why not I from this compellèd stain ?'

- 245 With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
 The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
 'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

- 246 Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He, he,' she says,
 But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;
 Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this : ' He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

- 247 Even here she sheath'd in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathe'd :
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her wing'd sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.
- 248 Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;
- 249 And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late sack'd island vastly¹ stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.
- 250 About the mourning and congeal'd face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol² goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

¹ 'Vastly : ' like a waste.—² 'Rigol : ' circle.

- 251 ' Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,
 ' That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived ?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
 If children predecease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.
- 252 ' Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age newborn ;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shows me a bareboned death by time outworn ;
 Oh, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn !
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.
- 253 ' O Time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee !'
- 254 By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.
- 255 The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;

Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

- 256 Yet sometime Tarquin was pronouncèd plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

- 257 The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, 'She's mine.' 'Oh, mine she is,'
 Replies her husband : 'do not take away
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

- 258 'Oh,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late¹ hath spill'd.'
 'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife,
 I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'
 'My daughter' and 'My wife' with clamours fill'd
 The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, 'My daughter' and 'My wife.'

- 259 Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,

¹ 'Late : ' recently.

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

- 260 But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 · To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 ‘Thou wrongèd lord of Rome,’ quoth he, ‘arise ;
 Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.
- 261 ‘Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.
- 262 ‘Courageous Roman ! do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 (Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced),
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.
- 263 ‘Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.'

- 264 This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :¹
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.
- 265 When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly² did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

¹ ‘Allow :’ approve.—² ‘Plausibly :’ with acclamations.

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st answer—‘ This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse ’—
 Proving his beauty by succession thine !
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unblesse some
 mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd¹ womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond,² will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?

¹ ‘ Un-ear'd : ’ unploughed.—² ‘ Fond : ’ foolish.

For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair¹ which fairly doth excel ;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere :
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Lese² but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use is not forbidden usury,
 Which happies³ those that pay the willing loan ;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;

¹ ‘Unfair :’ deprive of fairness.—² ‘Lese :’ lose.—³ ‘Happies :’ makes happy.

Oh change thy thought, that I may change my mind !
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love ?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove ;
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-
 vertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
 Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in beauty
 cherish ;
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

Oh that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination : then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
 Oh ! none but unthrifts :—Dear my love, you know
 You had a father ; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
 And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality :
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,

As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert :
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

xv.

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheerèd and check'd even by the selfsame sky ;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
 And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

xvi.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren
 rhyme ?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :¹
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,

¹ ‘ Counterfeit .’ portrait.

Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,¹
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still ;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
 Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your
 parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, ‘This poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.’
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
 And stretched metre of an antique song :
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;

¹ ‘Fair :’ beauty. .

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet
 brood ;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood ;
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleetest,¹
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 Oh carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
 Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,

¹ 'Fleets : ' for fleetest.

And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair-doth rehearse ;
 Making a complement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
 gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in his huge rondure¹ hemms.
 Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 Oh therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will ;

¹ 'Rondure : ' round, circumference.

Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart ;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
 Oh let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more
 express'd.
 Oh learn to read what silent love hath writ :
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd¹
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

¹ 'Stel'd:' traced.

Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

xxv.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famous'd for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

xxvi.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassage,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it ;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
 Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspéct,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect ;

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd ?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still further off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;
When sparkling stars twire¹ not, thou gild'st the even.

¹ 'Twire : ' peep out.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless¹ night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of² many a vanish'd
sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er

¹ 'Dateless : ' endless.—² 'Expense of: ' passing away of, as what we spend is gone from us.

The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposèd dead ;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious ¹ tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things removed, that hidden in thee lie !
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 Oh then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,

¹ 'Obsequious : ' funereal.

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack¹ on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :

¹ 'Rack : ' vapours.—² 'Stain' and 'staineth,' are here used with the signification of a verb neuter.

The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah ! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorising thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,¹
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate),
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable² spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;

¹ 'Amiss.' fault.—² 'Separable:' for separating.

Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest¹ spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts² do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store :
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
 Oh, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old Nine, which rhymers invocate ;

¹ ‘Dearest :’ excessive, grievous.—² ‘Entitled in thy parts :’ having a claim to thy parts.

And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

Oh, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise
 thee ?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 Oh absence, what a torment wouldest thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain !

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call ;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee for¹ my love thou usest ;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;

¹ 'For:' because.

And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?
 Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth ;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her ;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :

But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one ;
 Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected :¹
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed ;
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so !
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay !
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.²

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,³
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;

¹ 'Unrespected : ' unregarded.—² 'Thee me : ' thee to me.—³ 'Of earth and water wrought : ' formed of these slow elements.

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :
This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide¹ this title is impannelled
A quest² of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety,³ and the dear heart's
part : .

¹ ' 'Cide : ' decide.—² ' Quest : ' inquest, jury.—³ ' Moiety : ' portion.

As thus ; mine eyo's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unusèd stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part ;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
 Against that time do I ensconce¹ me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 ‘Thus far the miles are measured from thy
 friend!’

The beast that bears me, tirèd with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

¹ ‘Ensconce :’ fortify.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 Oh, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts¹ so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
 Or captain² jewels in the carcanet.³
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph ; being lack'd, to hope.

¹ 'Feasts.' festivals.—² 'Captain : ' chief.—³ 'Carcanet : ' necklace.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
 Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit¹
 Is poorly imitated after you ;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foizon² of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

Oh how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms³ have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses :
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by verse distils your truth.

¹ ‘Counterfeit :’ portrait.—² ‘Foizon :’ plenty ; hence the foizon of the year is autumn.—³ ‘Canker-blooms :’ the blossoms of the canker, or dog-rose.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,¹
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 Oh, let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
~~— Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.~~
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

¹ ‘The world-without-end hour :’ the hour that seems as if it never would end.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child !
 Oh, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done !
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r¹ better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 Oh ! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,²
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

¹ ‘ Whe'r .’ whether.—² ‘ Main of light :’ the ocean of the sun.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenor of thy jealousy ?
 Oh no ! thy love, though much, is not so great ;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake :
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part ;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious¹ is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account,
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

¹ ‘ Gracious : ’ beautiful.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night ;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 Oh, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays ?
 Oh fearful meditation ! where, alack !
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid ?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?
 Oh none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disablèd,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,¹
 And captive good attending captain ill :
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

¹ ‘ Simplicity :’ folly.

LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace¹ itself with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeming of his living hue ?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 Oh, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair² were borne,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

¹ ‘Lace :’ embellish.—² ‘Fair :’ beauty.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes command.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
But those same tongues that gave thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve¹ is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,²
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.³

¹ 'Solve:' solution.—² 'Suspect:' suspicion.—³ 'Owe:' own.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

Oh, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
Oh, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long :

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starvèd for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,¹
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 Oh know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument ;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

¹ 'Noted weed : ' a dress well known as never being changed.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste :
 The vacant leaves¹ thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

¹ 'Vacant leaves : ' this sonnet is supposed to have accompanied a present of a blank paper-book.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

Oh, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit¹ doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

¹ ‘A better spirit :’ conjectured by some to mean Spenser.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair¹ no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt :
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern² quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you ?
 In whose confine immurèd is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admirèd everywhere.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

¹ ‘Fair :’ beauty.—² ‘Modern :’ common.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
 Reserve¹ their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
 I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refinèd pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say, 'Tis so, 'tis true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more ;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance filed² up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

¹ 'Reserve : ' preserve.—² 'Filed : ' polished.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.¹
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

¹ 'Determinate : ' ended, out of date.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence :
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
 Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell ;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss :
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
Oh what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not :

XCIII.

So shall I live supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
 Oh, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 Oh, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee !
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see !
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport ;
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less :
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a thronèd queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd ;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's barenness everywhere !
 And yet this time removed¹ was summer's time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play :

¹ 'Time removed : ' time in which I was remote from thee.

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy
 might ?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects
 light ?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If time have any wrinkle graven there ;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despisèd everywhere.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st¹ his scythe, and crooked knife.

C.I.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
‘ Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?’—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?*
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

C.II.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
I love not less, though less the show appear ;
That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days :
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthened every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

¹ ‘ Prevent'st : ’ by anticipation hinderest.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack ! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write !

Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
For to no other pass my verses tend,

Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green,
Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived,
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,¹
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit ?
 What's new to speak, what now to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
 Nothing, sweet boy ; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same ;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page ;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

¹ ‘ Subscribes : ’ submits.

CIX.

Oh, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify !
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie :
 That is my home of love : if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again ;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley¹ to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches² gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end :³
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

¹ ‘A motley :’ a fool.—² ‘Blenches :’ deviations.—³ ‘What shall have no end :’ viz., my constant affection.

CXI.

Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell,¹ 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow ?²
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

¹ 'Eysell:' vinegar.—² 'Allow:' approve.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch :¹
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour,² or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.³

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 Oh, 'tis the first ; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

¹ 'Latch : ' lay hold of. — ² 'Favour : ' countenance. — ³ 'Untrue : ' this word is used as a substantive.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;
Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, ' Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
Oh no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ; -
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager¹ compounds we our palate urge :
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

¹ ‘Eager :’ sour, from the French *aigre*.

CIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,¹
 In the distraction of this madding fever !
 Oh benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time :
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 Oh that our night of woe might have remember'd²
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

¹ 'Fitted:' started.—² 'Remember'd:' reminded.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
 No.—I am that I am ; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own :
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;¹
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity :
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention² could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score ;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

¹ 'Bevel:' bent in an angle.—² 'That poor retention:' is the table-book given to him by his friend.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less with thy continual haste :
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent ?
 No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds,¹ knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

Oh thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

¹ ‘Seconds :’ inferior or secondary persons are not mixed up with his tribute of affection.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slanderizing creation with a false esteem :
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks,¹ that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

¹ ‘Jacks :’ small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of the virginal.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despisèd straight ;
Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe ;
Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream ;
All this the world well knows : yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red :
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks :
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
Oh, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
 Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute¹ of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

¹ ' Statute : ' obligation, security.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;
 Among a number, one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forgèd hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot¹
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common place ?
 Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies ;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
 Oh, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told :
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

¹ "Several plot :" an enclosed field.

CXXXIX.

Oh, call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue ;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide ?
 Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies ;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee :
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLII.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLIII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :
Oh, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impótune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest¹ me still :
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

¹ 'Suggest : ' tempt.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breathed forth the sound that said, 'I hate,'
To me that languish'd for her sake :
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom ;
And taught it thus anew to greet :
'I hate,' she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—'not you.'

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

Oh me ! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight !
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures¹ falsely what they see aright ?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so ?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,
 How can it ? Oh how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view ;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 Oh cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

¹ ‘Censures :’ estimates.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, oh cruel ! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?¹
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon thyself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

Oh, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway ?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds ?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?
 Oh, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state ;
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

¹ ‘Partake :’ take part.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love ?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,¹
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no further reason ;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsborn,
 But thou art twice forsborn, to me love swearing ;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjured I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

¹ ‘Amiss :’ fault.

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from his holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure ; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire ;—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god, lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quench'd in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseased ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

- 1 FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded¹
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I lay to list the sad-tuned tale :
 Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.
- 2 Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.
- 3 Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited² characters,
 Laund'ring³ the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted⁴ in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears ;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

¹ ‘ Re-worded : ’ echoed.—² ‘ Conceited : ’ fanciful.—³ ‘ Laund'ring : ’ wash ing.—⁴ ‘ Pelleted : ’ made into pellets.

- 4 Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
 To the orbed earth : sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.
- 5 Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
 Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;
 For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved ¹ hat,
 Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside ;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.
- 6 A thousand favours from a maund ² she drew
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,³
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries 'some,' but where excess begs all.
- 7 Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
 flood ;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
 Found yet mo ⁴ letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided ⁵ silk feat ⁶ and affectedly
 Enswarth'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

¹ 'Sheaved : ' of straw, taken from sheaves.—² 'Maund : ' hand-basket.—³ 'Bedded jet : ' jet imbedded, or set, in some other substance.—⁴ 'Mo : ' more.—⁵ 'Sleided : ' raw, untwisted.—⁶ 'Feat : ' neatly.

8 These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often gave to¹ tear ;
 Cried, 'Oh false blood ! thou register of lies,
 What unapprovèd witness dost thou bear !
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
 here !'

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

9 A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew,
 Towards this afflicted fancy² fastly drew ;
 And, privileged by age, desires to know,
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

10 So slides he down upon his grained bat,³
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
 If that from him there may be aught applied
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promised in the charity of age.

11 'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

¹ 'Gave to : ' inclined to, or made a movement to.—² 'Fancy : ' enamoured one.—³ 'Bat : ' club.

- 12 ‘But woe is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
 Of one by nature’s outwards so commended,
 That maiden’s eyes stuck over all his face :
 Love lack’d a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodged, and newly deified.
- 13 ‘His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
 What’s sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sown.¹
- 14 ‘Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
 His phœnix down began but to appear,
 Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
 Whose bare out-bragg’d the web it seem’d to wear ;
 Yet show’d his visage² by that cost more dear ;
 And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
 If best ’twere as it was, or best without.
- 15 ‘His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft ’twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
 be.
 His rudeness so with his authorised youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

¹ ‘Sawn :’ sown.—² ‘Showed his visage :’ his visage showed.

16 'Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 "That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
 Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
 What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
 stop he makes !"

And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

17 'But quickly on this side the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :¹
 All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
 Can² for additions ; yet their purposed trim
 Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

18 'So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
 To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

19 'That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted :
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

¹ 'Case : ' outward show.—² 'Can : ' is used in the sense of began.

- 20 'Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe ¹
 them :
- 21 'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
 My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.
- 22 'Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor, being desirèd, yielded ;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded :
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.
- 23 'But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destined ill she must herself assay ?
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

¹ 'Owe : ' own.

24 'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof,
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !
 The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry, "It is thy last."

25 'For further I could say, "This man's untrue,"
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;¹
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;
 Knew vows were ever brokers² to defiling ;
 Thought characters and words merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

26 'And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me : "Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid :
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

27 ' "All my offences that abroad you see
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;
 Love made them not ; with acture³ they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind :
 They sought their shame that so their shame did
 find ;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

¹ 'Patterns of his foul beguiling:' the examples of his seduction.—
² 'Brokers.' pandars.—³ 'Acture:' action.

- 28 "Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,¹
 Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.
- 29 "Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.
- 30 "And lo ! behold these talents² of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,³
 I have received from many a several fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
- 31 "The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invised⁴ properties did tend ;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold ; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled, or made some moan.

¹ 'Teen : ' grief.—² 'Talents : ' used in the sense of something precious.—
 'Impleach'd : ' interwoven.—⁴ 'Invised : ' invisible.

32 "Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

33 "Oh then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you; and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.

34 "Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
 Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
 Which late her noble suit¹ in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings² made the blossoms dote,
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,³
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

35 "But oh, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
 Paling⁴ the place which did no form receive,
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves;
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
 And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

¹ 'Suit in court:' the suit made to her in court.—² 'Havings:' accomplishments, say some; fortune, say others.—³ 'Coat:' of arms.—⁴ 'Paling:' 'securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love.'—Malone.

- 36 " "Oh pardon me, in that my boast is true ;
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the cagèd cloister fly :
 Religious love put out religion's eye :
 Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.
- 37 " "How mighty then you are, oh hear me tell !
 The broken bosoms that to me belong
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among :
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congest,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.
- 38 " "My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
 Who, disciplined and dieted in grace,
 Believed her eyes when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place.
 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
- 39 " "When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame !
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
 'gainst shame,
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.
- 40 " "Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine.

And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

- 41 'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face ;
 Each cheek a river running from a fount
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
 Oh how the channel to the stream gave grace !
 Who, glazed with crystal, gate¹ the glowing roses
 That flame through water which their hue encloses.
- 42 'Oh, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear !
 But with the inundation of the eyes
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
 Oh, cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
 Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath !
- 43 'For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolved my reason into tears ;
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
 Shook off my sober guards and civil² fears ;
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.
- 44 'In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautels,³ all strange forms receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

¹ 'Gate : ' quot.—² 'Civil : ' decorous.—³ 'Cautels : ' deceits, insidious purposes.

Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows :

- 45 'That not a heart which in his level came,
 Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim .
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,¹
 He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.
- 46 'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
 That the unexperienced gave the tempter place,
 Which, like a cherubim, above them hover'd.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd ?
 Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a sake.
- 47 'Oh, that infected moisture of his eye,
 Oh, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
 Oh, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
 Oh, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
 Oh, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,²
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconcilèd maid !'

¹ 'Luxury : ' lewdness.—² 'Owned : ' owned, his own.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear ;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;
 He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
 Under an osier growing by a brook,
 A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look
 For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :
 He spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood ;
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
¹
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore :
 She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Venus, with Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embraced me ;
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :
 And thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlaced me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away !

¹ Here a line has been lost.

V.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care :
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short.
 Youth is nimble, age is lame :
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ;
 Oh, my love, my love is young !
 Age, I do defy thee ;
 Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou stay'st too long !

VI.

- 1 Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,¹
 Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
 Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.
- 2 I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
 For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.

¹ ‘Vaded,’ faded.

And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
 For why ? I cravèd nothing of thee still :
 Oh yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee ;
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VII.

- 1 Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle ;
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle ;
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :
 A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

- 2 Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

- 3 She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth ;
 She framed the love, and yet she foild the framing,
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
 Was this a lover or a lecher whether ?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
 Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
 Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise ?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove ;
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers
 bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee command ;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful
 thunder,
 Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, oh do not love that wrong,
 To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

X.

1 Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

- 2 And as goods lost are sold or never found,
 As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

- 1 Good night, good rest. Ah ! neither be my share :
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
 And daff'd¹ me to a cabin hang'd with care,
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow ;
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.
- 2 Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
 In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether :
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither :
 Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

- 1 Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east !
 My heart doth charge the watch ; the morning rise
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
 And wish her lays were tunèd like the lark ;
- 2 For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wishèd sight ;

¹ 'Daff'd' : put off.

Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;
For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

- 3 Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;¹
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow ;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIII.

It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That likèd of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight :
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refusèd, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be usèd, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month was ever May,

¹ 'A moon : ' a month.

Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alas, my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :
 Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 Oh frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.
In black mourn I,

All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall :
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(Oh cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,¹
My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
With sighs so deep,
Procures² to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
fight !

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not

Forth ; they die :
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,

¹ 'No deal : ' in no degree.—² 'Procures,' &c.: The dog procures (*i. e.* manages matters) so as to weep—STEVENS.

All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

- 1 Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy,¹ partial might :²
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.
- 2 And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell :
 (A cripple soon can find a halt :)
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sell.
- 3 What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;
 And then too late she will repent,
 That thus dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.
- 4 What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say :

¹ 'Fancy : ' love.—² 'Might : ' power.

' Under a mulberry-tree it was ;' first said the one ; 33
The next named a pomegranate-tree, whereby the truth
 was known.

Then Susan was discharged, and they condemn'd to die,
As right required, and they deserved, that framed so
 foul a lie.

And He that her preserved, and let them of their lust,
Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still, I trust.

THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

1 SINCE Fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
 Wherein I reignèd, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth
 With sour, sweet, dread, and delight;
Let not my grief move you to moan,
For I will weep and wail alone.

2 Spite drove me into Boreas' reign,
 Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plain
 With stormy winter's mantle white;
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
When others froze, then did I sweat.

3 And now, though on the sun I drive,
 Whose fervent flame all things decays;
His beams in brightness may not strive
 With light of your sweet golden rays ;
Nor from my breast his heat remove
The frozen thoughts, graven by love.

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement ;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need ;
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

xviii.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland¹ to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

- 1 LET the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.
- 2 But thou, shrieking harbinger,
 Foul precursor of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near.
- 3 From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king :
 Keep the obsequy so strict.
- 4 Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,¹
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

¹ 'Dowland:' a famous lutanist.—² 'Defunctive music can:' knows funeral music.

- 5 And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.
- 6 Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.
- 7 So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.
- 8 Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.
- 9 So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.
- 10 Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.
- 11 Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded :
- 12 That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !

Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

- 13 Whereupon it made this threne¹
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

- 1 Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.
- 2 Death is now the phoenix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,
- 3 Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.
- 4 Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.
- 5 To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

W.M. SHAKSPEARE.

¹ ‘Threne :’ funeral song.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THE EARL OF SURREY.

THE

LIFE OF HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

THE Earl of Surrey presents himself in various interesting lights amongst our poets. In the first place, besides his romantic history and his early doom, he was both a lord and a poet, a combination which has not been found very often in our literature—Byron being the only other very eminent bard who has worn the coronet; secondly, he was one of our earliest improvers in the art of versification; and, thirdly, he first introduced the sonnet and blank verse into England, and deserves the gratitude of all who enter into the spirit of Wordsworth's fine lines—"Scorn not the sonnet;" and of all who remember that the greatest poems in our language, such as "Shakspeare's Plays," the "Paradise Lost," the "Night Thoughts," the "Seasons," the "Task," Southey's "Roderick," and many others, have been written in blank verse.

Henry Howard was born, it is supposed, at Framlingham, in Suffolk, somewhere between 1516 and 1518. The family from which he sprung was an old one, but had had a somewhat fluctuating career between its first origin and the birth of the poet. It has been traced to a period antecedent to the Conquest. Under the reign of the first two Edwards, William Howard is said by some to have been a knight, and to have held the office of Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; but this is doubtful. His descendant, Sir Robert Howard, married Margaret Mowbray, the great-great-granddaughter

of Edward I. Her son, Sir John Howard, was created a baron in 1470; and when the family of the Mowbrays, the Dukes of Norfolk, became extinct, he became eldest co-heir of the house, through his mother, and was created duke by Richard III., his eldest son being at the same time made Earl of Surrey. It is of this duke that the well-known rhyme occurs in Shakspeare—

“Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold.”

“Jockey” fell fighting bravely by the side of the usurper, at the Battle of Bosworth, and his son was taken prisoner, committed to the Tower, and deprived of his title of Earl of Surrey. To this, however, he was restored in 1489; and in 1514, having done good service at the battle of Flodden Field, was made Duke of Norfolk. Thomas, the eldest son of this duke, married Anne, the youngest daughter of Edward IV. All the children by this marriage died young, and were followed soon by their mother. Shortly after her death, Thomas married again, his second wife being the Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke of Buckingham. The match, owing to disparity of years, and to a previous attachment of the lady to the Earl of Westmoreland, was unhappy, although it resulted in the birth of three children—Henry, the poet; Thomas, afterwards created Viscount Bindon by Queen Elizabeth; and Mary, who wedded the Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Henry VIII.

As neither the exact date nor the exact place of Surrey's birth is ascertained, so total uncertainty rests on the particulars of his childhood. In 1526, when he was about ten or eleven years of age, we find him acting as cupbearer to the king. Even before this time he had formed a friendship with the Duke of Richmond, his future brother-in-law; and when, in 1532, Henry VIII., who had been induced by Cardinal Wolsey to cultivate the friendship of Francis I., went to Boulogne and Calais, he was accompanied by these two youths. The memorable interview which took place between Henry and Francis, amidst such gorgeous circumstances, on

the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was witnessed by Surrey, and must very deeply have impressed his youthful imagination. After this, according to some accounts, Richmond, in his journey to Paris, where he went to complete his studies, was accompanied by Surrey. If he went there, however, his stay must have been short, as we hear of him, in 1533, at the coronation of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn—a relation of the Howard family, where, in the procession, the fourth sword, with the scabbard upright before the king, was borne by our poet. In November, the same year, the Duke of Richmond returned from Paris to England, and was contracted to Lady Mary Howard, Surrey's sister; but as the parties were too closely related, in the eye of the Roman Catholic Church, a dispensation was required. Till it was obtained, the young duke was placed at Windsor, while the bride continued to reside with her father. It was at this time that the intercourse between Surrey and Richmond, so vividly pictured in the following lines, took place :—

“In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, train'd with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up at length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound,
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.”

The ladies here alluded to were Lady Mary Howard, the affianced of Richmond; and Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, to whom Surrey was contracted in 1532, and married in 1535. On the 10th of March 1536, she bore him his eldest son, Thomas.

All acquainted with literary history have heard of Surrey's “Geraldine,” and of the sonnets he has indited in her praise. She ranks with Petrarch's Laura, Dante's Beatrice, Schiller's Laura, and various other half-true, half-fictitious heroines, whom poets have chosen to idealise and make immortal. All these were real personages—but to all, genius has given supplemental charms and attributes, which have thrown over

them a graceful veil like that which autumn mist sheds on the face of an ordinary landscape, and which have tended partly to beautify them, and partly to obscure. What a delightful uncertainty rests on the history of Petrarch's Laura—object, as he says himself in his "Letter to Posterity," "of a single and honourable, but most passionate attachment, the violence of which I could not have endured had not the flame been extinguished by the severe but salutary hand of death!" What a diviner indistinctness rests, like the midnight of another planet, upon that fine, fluctuating figure of Beatrice, who, amidst all the mysteries of the Paradise of God, stands up a mystery more beautiful and more mysterious than any! How affecting those passionate outpourings of Schiller's strong soul towards that half-seen shape of witchery and loveliness, whom he, too, must call his Laura! And what more stimulating, amidst all the piquant materials of Byron's poetry, than his allusions in "Childe Harold," and other parts of his poetry, to imaginary or half-imaginary objects of love, some of whom death had snatched away from his side, to deify in his imagination. Byron himself says of Rousseau—

"For his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of *the dead who rise upon our dreams*,
But of *ideal beauty*, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his eloquent page, distemper'd as it seems."

But in some of the poets just alluded to, death gave the highest kind of ideal beauty to lost objects of affection ; and added, besides, what imagination alone cannot bestow—the awful apotheosis of the grave, and the consecrating shadow of eternity.

The tale of Surrey's Geraldine is sufficiently romantic. She was Elizabeth, the daughter of Gerald Fitz-Gerald, the ninth Earl of Kildare. She was born in Ireland, but brought over to England while yet a child. Her family became unfortunate, and Henry VIII. took compassion on her, and had her educated at the house of his daughter Mary (afterwards the "Bloody Mary"), where, when she reached the proper

age, she became one of the ladies of the chamber. Surrey met her first at Hunsdon, but it was at a subsequent interview at Hampton Court which completed the captivation. In the celebrated sonnet on her, he says—

“ Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen.
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight,
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine.”

It has been maintained by some that Surrey bore no real love to this lady, but merely used her as the subject of a poem. This, however, is disproved by the plain and passionate terms of the sonnet, as well as by various expressions sprinkled through his other verses, in which he speaks of his attachment as not only strong but desperate. That these expressions do not apply to his countess is obvious from the fact, that there never occurred any difficulty in the way of their nuptials, except delay owing to his and her age; whereas in his love-poems, he speaks of his mistress as cold and coy, and exhorts her to add “bounty to beauty.” It is unquestionable, from the dates, that his love, whether real or simulated, for Geraldine occurred several years after his marriage, and seems to have resulted, not from any indifference to his lady, but from a sudden fit of infatuated passion—a fit which lasted for a considerable time, although it produced no result except a few pretty sonnets. Geraldine, like a sensible girl, although only fifteen, treated Surrey’s passion as it deserved; was married, in 1543, to Sir Antony Brown, a man who might have been her grandfather; and upon his death, six years afterwards, became the *third* wife of the Earl of Lincoln, whom she managed to survive. It is not absolutely certain whether Surrey’s attachment outlived her marriage with Brown.

Great obscurity, indeed, in spite of the elaborate researches of Dr Notts and Chalmers, rests on this passage of Surrey’s life; and as fancy always delights in painting darkness with ideal and fantastic forms, so on the dim groundwork of the real story of Surrey and his Geraldine, has been reared one of the strangest of romantic fictions. Many a myth has been interwoven with true history, and often in an inextricable manner,

but seldom one so ridiculous in its conception, so incredible in its details, less founded on fact, and yet, till of late, so generally believed, as we have now to record, as circulated about our chivalric poet. This absurd tale is to the effect, that one Jack Wilton, the hero of a book called the “Unfortunate Traveller” (written by one Thomas Nash, then notorious, and published in 1594), in the course of some adventures on the continent, met the Earl of Surrey; was informed by him of his affection for Geraldine, and that he had come abroad, partly to visit her birthplace, and partly, at her own instance, to defend the fame of her beauty at Florence against all comers. On his way thither Nash represents him to have visited the famous magician Cornelius Agrippa, who shewed him the image of his mistress, sitting on a couch, reading one of his sonnets to her, and moistening her pillow with tears. At Venice he somewhat debased his chivalrous devotion by an intrigue, on account of which he was thrown into prison, and was delivered through the interference of the English ambassador. When at last he reached Florence, he visited the house and the chamber where Geraldine was born, and burst out into a passion of joy and a strain of poetry. Next, he defied all men to question the supremacy of his mistress’s beauty; and the challenge having been accepted, a succession of tilts took place, in all of which Surrey (armed in a shield given him by the Duke of Florence, who was interested in the cause, partly from his esteem for Surrey, and partly because the lady was a Florentine by birth), like another Ivanhoe, ran down his antagonists. Rejecting all offers of advancement from the duke, the elated knight was preparing to roam over Italy, celebrating similar jousts, when letters from the king of England came in, commanding his instant return, which he was reluctantly compelled to obey.

There is, of course, nothing in all the adventures of St George and the Dragon, or of the immortal hero of La Mancha, that is more purely fictitious than this. At the time when Surrey was represented as wandering through Italy in search of exploits, he was, in fact, in England awaiting the birth of his first-born—mourning the death of his friend the Duke of

Richmond—receiving the honour of knighthood from the king at St James'—assisting as one of the mourners at the funeral of Lady Jane Seymour—and on New-Year's Day 1538, attending the court, while it was presenting its then annual present (of three gilded bowls) to the king. It completes the absurdity of the story, that his Geraldine at this time had only attained the mature age of seven, and that she was born not in Italy, but in Ireland!

Yet in this legend we see a proof of the truth of the theory that Surrey had loved deeply, nay madly loved Geraldine. Had not, at least, the public generally believed this as a fact, the numerous fictions which crystallised around it would have been rejected with general incredulity and contempt. Instead of this the story, as told by Nash, was eagerly reproduced—first by Drayton, in his "Heroical Epistles," published in 1598—then by Winstanley in some forgotten notices of the poets—then by the well-known Antony Wood—then by Cibber (or rather Shiels) in his "Lives of the Poets"—and, in fine, became classical and all but final in Warton's celebrated "History of English Poetry."

In spring 1539, his second son Henry, afterwards created Earl of Northampton, was born. In 1540, Surrey greatly signalised himself at the tournaments held in honour of the king's marriage to Anne of Cleves. In the close of this year, he was appointed, along with Lord Russell and the Earl of Southampton, to visit Guisnes, for the purpose of overlooking its fortifications, and putting them in a proper state of defence in case of a rupture with France. Here he stayed only a short time. In September this year, he and his father were appointed stewards of the University of Cambridge.

In 1541, his faithful friend Thomas Clere, a cousin of Anne Boleyn's, who afterwards accompanied Surrey in his campaigns, and died of a wound received in his cause, was struck by Sir Edmund Knyvett within the precincts of the court. This has always been reckoned in law a great offence. Scott evinces the ferocity of Roderick Dhu, by representing him as stabbing a knight in Holyrood, while

"Princes gave way before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide."

And all the readers of "Nigel" remember the danger he incurred by striking Lord Dalgarno in the Park—and the horror felt by Margaret Ramsay at the idea of the punishment to which he had exposed himself—the loss of his right hand. Knyvett was brought to trial, and condemned: but the penalty was remitted, some say owing to Surrey's generous interposition; others to the culprit's great court influence; and others to the king's clemency. The incident would be of no consequence at all in a life where the incidents were numerous and well-known, and is of very little even in Surrey's obscure and scanty story.

On St George's Day, 1542, the king shewed his great favour for Surrey by creating him a Knight of the Garter. This was the more remarkable and gratifying, as, in the beginning of the year, Henry VIII., "who spared no man in his anger and no woman in his desire," had executed Surrey's cousin, Catherine Howard, in the Tower, after the cohabitation of a fortnight.

"Pride goeth before a fall;" and this probably Surrey felt when, a short time after receiving one of the highest honours his sovereign could confer on a subject, he fell into a disgraceful and dangerous quarrel with a turbulent person of good family, called John à Leigh. The rule is now, that no one "should wrestle with a coal-heaver unless he can wrestle him *down*." Surrey, who lived long ere Dr Johnson enunciated the above important principle, wrestled with John à Leigh without being able to wrestle him down. On the contrary he was, for some challenge or outrage on his antagonist, committed prisoner to the Fleet, although allowed the aristocratic luxury of two servants to wait on him while he banqueted. In this inglorious position he indited a petition to the Privy Council—surely the most humiliating that ever came from the pen of peer or poet, in which he pleads the excuse of youth for his folly, and promises amendment—and that if the "King's Majesty should think the simple body rashly adventured in the revenge of his own quarrel might be employed in *his* service, he were happy!" On the 7th of August, he was relieved from durance, on his recognisance of

ten thousand merks, not to offer any further offence to John à Leigh, or to any of his kin.

Shortly after, his pugnacious humour found a more legitimate vent in war. In 1542, Henry VIII. ordered a muster of twenty thousand men at York, and gave the command to the Duke of Norfolk, called by him the “sconge of the Scotch.” Six English earls, including Surrey his son, joined his standard; and after some vexatious delays, Norfolk entered Scotland in the middle of October, pillaged and burned Kelso and Roxburgh, with many granges and villages; but owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the appearance of Huntley with a powerful army on the Scotch side, had to retire and disband the greater part of his army. A sapient London critic seems to have great doubts as to Surrey’s share in this emprise (although, in his epitaph on Clere, the poet expressly speaks of being present at the “blaze of Kelso”), and desiderates particulars as to his “connexion with that expedition”—an expedition which, as it scarcely lasted a fortnight, could not have furnished many particulars of any consequence, so far as Surrey was concerned, who only marched under his father’s banner.

On the 5th of April 1543, another incident occurred in Surrey’s history, which some antiquarian critics have tried to make a matter of mystery, and to the investigation of which they have solemnly summoned our men of research. The earl—being, as appears from other circumstances in his history, somewhat hot-blooded and impetuous—had committed two mighty offences: first, had ate flesh in Lent; and, secondly, had broken at night with stone-bows certain windows. For these offences he was sent to the Fleet, where he amused himself in writing his “Satire against the Citizens of London.” The quantity of speculation and wonderment which has been wasted in this incident, proves, first, how little is known of Surrey, since such a trifle has been so magnified; and, secondly, what solemn noodles have been employed upon his biography, and upon the criticism thereof! One critic seriously “longs for some good hard-working investigator to look into and tell us the truth” about this “strange case of

breaking windows in the city of London"—a case which we verily believe many a dissipated peer, in a more civilised age, has been guilty of, with a different *instrument*, twenty times for Surrey's once. Dr Nott, worthy man! thinks that this conduct of Surrey's grew out of his "romantic turn of thought, and enthusiastic mode of contemplating common objects;" while another biographer more sensibly traces it to the cause which made Toby Tosspot, "enthusiastically contemplating such a common object" as Shove's brass-plate, rudely disturb the owner's slumbers.

In October the same year, Norfolk sent him over to the continent to join the allied army before Landrecies, near Cambray. Here nothing of special interest occurred, and he came home in November.

In July 1544, Henry VIII. invaded France with a large army, the vanguard of which was commanded by Norfolk. Surrey was appointed marshal, and in the siege of Montreuil displayed conduct and courage. On the 19th of September, he was nearly killed, and owed his life to Clere, who, in carrying him off, received a wound which eventually proved fatal. Surrey seems to have mourned Clere sincerely, as our readers will gather from the verses—poor enough, certainly—which he chose to inscribe on his tomb at Lambeth. Soon after, the siege was raised; and Norfolk, probably accompanied by his son, returned to England in December.

Next year, the Privy Council appointed Surrey to the command of five thousand soldiers, forming the vanguard of an army which was despatched to Calais in August. Subsequently he became commander of Guisnes; but soon after, by his own wish, was removed to Boulogne. Thence, in January 1545-6, hearing that the French were advancing, he made a sally, and with inferior numbers assailed their troops at St Etienne; but in consequence of the cowardice of a part of his army, was defeated, and forced to retreat to Boulogne. Although this did not immediately lead to his recall, it must have somewhat shattered the king's confidence in him, as, a few months after, he was informed that Lord Hertford was appointed Lieutenant-General in his room. Paget, the king's private secretary, who told him this news, advised him, in

order to save himself, to solicit some command under Hertford—a suggestion which Surrey treated as an insult, and which hardly could have been serious on the part of the proposer, since how could any man of honour and proper pride consent to act under an undermining rival? He could not betray his trust, from his fidelity to the king, and he could not be expected to be very diligent in its discharge under the jealous eye of Hertford, his supplanter. Ultimately, under some pretext of being required to give account of the state of the fortifications, he was recalled; and Lord Gray, a creature of Hertford's, received the local command at Boulogne.

To be recalled, in those days, was almost equivalent to being beheaded; and so, after a number of intrigues on the part of his foes, and of bitter outbreaks of pride and passion on the part of Surrey, this gay and gallant nobleman was, along with his father, committed to the Tower. Paltry charges were produced about using the arms of Edward the Confessor, &c.—charges dictated by spite, and attested by perjured infamy, his father's mistress being the chief witness against him; and, in spite of a bold and powerful defence, he was tried, found guilty by a jury of Norfolk men, including some relations of Clere; and on the 21st of January 1547, in the thirtieth year of his age, and exactly a week before his estranged sovereign closed *his* career of capricious lust and blood, the lover of Geraldine was beheaded on Tower Hill. He left two sons and three daughters. He was buried in Tower Street, and thence removed to Framlingham, his birthplace, where his second son, the Earl of Northampton, erected a monument to his memory. His widow married again. His father escaped the son's doom.

Such was the end of our peer-poet. He was, in person, small and slight, but sinewy in frame and beautiful in countenance—his eye wearing that expression of permanent sadness so often the augury of early and violent death, as if its lustre were shining through blood. His character somewhat resembled that of Byron—ardent, brave, but rash, impetuous, and uncertain. His poetry, with fine lines, and here and there passages of considerable power, would not, apart from his rank, his story, and his poetic *position*, preserve his name. It is full of

crude conceits and unintelligible tortuosities of thought and rhyme. Much as he sings of love, he is, on the whole, a frigid writer, and has preserved purity at the expense of nature and fervour of passion. He was a star in the poetic horizon when stars were few, and owes it to darkness and to distance rather than to merit that his light still glimmers—it can hardly be said to shine—upon us; and we accept it not as poetry itself, but merely as containing in it the hope and promise of future and far superior song.

Surrey's principal claim to consideration lies in his versification. He undoubtedly improved the mechanical part of our poetry. He found that in the last state of anarchy and disorganisation. Heroic verse, instead of being confined to ten syllables, was often expanded to eleven, twelve, and even fourteen. The results were languor and a sprawling motion. The variation of pauses, too, was entirely neglected. Surrey limited the heroic verse to ten syllables, and divided these into five equal Iambic feet. To prevent the monotony produced by the Iambic measure, he broke his lines by pauses interposed wherever he thought the harmony of the verse required them. He also employed, in general, simple and colloquial expressions, avoiding foreign idioms and far-fetched words. His introduction of a studied mode of involution into his periods is probably a less happy innovation. But he deserves credit, it has been said, when he “discountenanced altogether the French mode of laying an unnatural stress upon final syllables, and followed the obvious and common pronunciation of our language, carefully avoiding all double terminations, and using only those words for rhyme which were noble and harmonious, and such as the ear might dwell upon with pleasure.”

These are not great achievements, and were competent to one who had even less of the “vision and the Faculty Divine” than Surrey. But when we recollect the miracles of melody produced since by our Miltons, Drydens, Shelleys, and Coleridges, and that these are in part owing to the improvements introduced by Surrey, we feel that we owe him a debt of considerable gratitude as a mechanical artist, whatever we may think of his genius as a poet.

EARL OF SURREY'S POETICAL WORKS.

SONGS AND SONNETS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER,

WITH SUIT TO HIS LADY, TO RUE ON HIS DYING HEART.

THE sun hath twice brought forth his tender green,
Twice clad the earth in lively lustiness ;
Once have the winds the trees despoilèd clean,
And once again begins their cruelty,
Since I have hid under my breast the harm
That never shall recover healthfulness.
The winter's hurt recovers with the warm ;
The parchèd green restorèd is with shade ;
What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarm
The frozen heart, that mine in flame hath made ? 10
What cold again is able to restore
My fresh green years, that wither thus and fade ?
Alas ! I see nothing hath hurt so sore
But Time, in time, reduceth a return :
In time my harm increaseth more and more,
And seems to have my cure always in scorn.
Strange kind of death in life that I do try !
At hand, to melt ; far off, in flame to burn.

And like as time list to my cure apply,
So doth each place my comfort clean refuse.
All things alive, that see'th the heavens with eye,
With cloak of night may cover, and excuse
Itself from travail of the day's unrest,
Save I, alas! against all others' use,
That then stir up the torments of my breast,
And curse each star as causer of my fate.
And when the sun hath eke the dark oppress'd,
And brought the day, it doth nothing abate
The travails of mine endless smart and pain;
For then, as one that hath the light in hate,
I wish for night, more covertly to plain;
And me withdraw from every haunted place,
Lest by my chere¹ my chance appear too plain:
And in my mind I measure pace by pace,
To seek the place where I myself had lost,
That day that I was tangled in the lace,²
In seeming slack, that knitteth ever most.
But never yet the travail of my thought,
Of better state could catch a cause to boast.
For if I found, some time that I have sought,
Those stars by whom I trusted of the port,
My sails do fall, and I advance right nought;
As anchor'd fast my spirits do all resort
To stand agazed, and sink in more and more
The deadly harm which she doth take in sport.
Lo! if I seek, how I do find my sore!
And if I flee, I carry with me still
The venom'd shaft, which doth his force
store
By haste of flight; and I may plain my fill
Unto myself, unless this careful song

¹ ‘Chere:’ countenance, behaviour.—² ‘Lace.’ a snare.

Print in your heart some parcel of my tene,¹ 51

For I, alas ! in silence all too long,
Of mine old hurt yet feel the wound but green.

Rue on my life, or else your cruel wrong
Shall well appear, and by my death be seen.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

WHEREIN EVERYTHING RENEWS, SAVE ONLY THE LOVER.

THE soote² season, that bud and bloom forth brings,

With green bath clad the hill, and eke the vale :

The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;

The turtle to her make³ hath told her tale :

Summer is come, for every spray now springs ;

The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;

The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;

The fishes flete⁴ with new repairèd scale ;

The adder all her slough away she slings ;

The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;⁵

The busy bee her honey now she mings ;⁶

Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.⁷

And thus I see among these pleasant things

Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

DESCRIPTION OF THE RESTLESS STATE OF A LOVER.

1 WHEN youth had led me half the race

That Cupid's scourge had made me run,

I lookèd back to mete the place

From whence my weary course begun.

¹ 'Tene : ' sorrow.—² 'Soote : ' sweet.—³ 'Make : ' mate.—⁴ 'Flete : ' float.
⁵ 'Smale : ' small.—⁶ 'Mings : ' mingles.—⁷ 'Bale : ' destruction.

- 2 And then I saw how my desire
By guiding ill had let the way :
Mine eyen, too greedy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better prey.
- 3 For when in sighs I spent the day,
And could not cloak my grief with game,¹
The boiling smoke did still bewray
The present heat of secret flame.
- 4 And when salt tears do bain² my breast,
Where Love his pleasant trains hath sown,
Her beauty hath the fruits oppress'd,
Ere that the buds were sprung and blown.
- 5 And when mine eyen did still pursue
The flying chase of their request,
Their greedy looks did oft renew
The hidden wound within my breast.
- 6 When every look these cheeks might stain,
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward signs appearèd plain,
To her for help my heart was fled.
- 7 But all too late Love learneth me
To paint all kind of colours new,
To blind their eyes that else should see
My speckled cheeks with Cupid's hue.
- 8 And now the covert breast I claim,
That worshipp'd Cupid secretly,
And nourishèd his sacred flame,
From whence no blazing sparks do fly.

¹ ‘Game :’ cheerfulness.—² ‘Bain :’ bathe.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FICKLE AFFECTIONS,
PANGS, AND SLIGHTS OF LOVE.

SUCH wayward ways hath Love, that most part in discord
Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts but seldom do
accord.

Deceit is his delight, and to beguile and mock
The simple hearts, which he doth strike with foward,
diverse stroke.

He causeth th' one to rage with golden burning dart ;
And doth allay with leaden cold again the other's heart.
Hot gleams of burning fire, and easy sparks of flame,
In balance of unequal weight he pondereth by aim.
From easy ford, where I might wade and pass full well,
He me withdraws, and doth me drive into a deep dark
hell ;

10

And me withholds where I am call'd and offer'd place,
And wills me that my mortal foe I do beseech of grace ;
He lets me to pursue a conquest well near won,
To follow where my pains were lost, ere that my suit
begun.

So by these means I know how soon a heart may turn
From war to peace, from truce to strife, and so again
return.

I know how to content myself in others' lust ;
Of little stuff unto myself to weave a web of trust ;
And how to hide my harms with soft dissembling chere,¹
When in my face the painted thoughts would outwardly
appear.

20

I know how that the blood forsakes the face for dread,
And how by shame it stains again the cheeks with
flaming red.

¹ "Chere." countenance.

I know under the green, the serpent how he lurks ; 23
 The hammer of the restless forge I wot eke how it works.
 I know, and can by rote the tale that I would tell ;
 But oft the words come forth awry of him that loveth well.
 I know in heat and cold the lover how he shakes ;
 In singing how he doth complain ; in sleeping how he
 wakes.

To languish without ache, sickless for to consume,
 A thousand things for to devise, resolving all in fume. 30
 And though he list to see his lady's grace full sore,
 Such pleasures as delight his eye do not his health restore.
 I know to seek the track of my desirèd foe,
 And fear to find that I do seek. But chiefly this I know,
 That lovers must transform into the thing beloved,
 And live, (alas ! who could believe ?) with sprite from
 life removed.

I know in hearty sighs, and laughters of the spleen,
 At once to change my state, my will, and eke my colour
 clean.

I know how to deceive myself with others' help ;
 And how the lion châstisèd is, by beating of the whelp. 40
 In standing near the fire, I know how that I freeze ;
 Far off I burn ; in both I waste, and so my life I lese.¹
 I know how love doth rage upon a yielding mind ;
 How small a net may take and mesh a heart of gentle kind :
 Or else with seldom sweet to season heaps of gall ;
 Revivèd with a glimpse of grace, old sorrows to let fall.
 The hidden trains I know, and secret snare of love ;
 How soon a look will print a thought, that never may
 remove ;

The slipper state I know, the sudden turns from wealth ;²
 The doubtful hope, the certain woe, and sure despair of
 health.

¹ ' Lese : ' lose.—² ' Wealth : ' happiness.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER THAT DEFIED LOVE,
 AND WAS BY LOVE AFTER THE MORE TORMENTED.

WHEN Summer took in hand the Winter to assail,
 With force of might, and virtue great, his stormy blasts
 to quail :

And when he clothèd fair the earth about with green,
 And every tree new garmented, that pleasure was to seen,
 Mine heart 'gan new revive, and changèd blood did stir
 Me to withdraw my winter woes, that kept within the
 dore.

' Abroad,' quoth my Desire, ' assay to set thy foot ;
 Where thou shalt find the savour sweet ; for sprung is
 every root ;

And to thy health, if thou were sick in any case,
 Nothing more good than in the spring the air to feel a
 space.

10

There shalt thou hear and see all kinds of birds ywrought,
 Well tune their voice with warble small, as Nature hath
 them taught.'

Thus prickèd me my lust the sluggish house to leave,
 And for my health I thought it best such counsel to
 receive.

So on a morrow forth, unwist of any wight,
 I went to prove how well it would my heavy burden
 light.

And when I felt the air so pleasant round about,
 Lord ! to myself how glad I was that I had gotten out.
 There might I see how Ver¹ had every blossom hent,²
 And eke the new-betrothèd birds, ycoupled how they
 went ;

20

¹ 'Ver:' Spring.—² 'Hent:' brought out.

And in their songs, methought, they thankèd Nature
much,

21

That by her licence all that year to love, their hap was
such,

Right as they could devise to choose them feres¹
throughout :

With much rejoicing to their Lord, thus flew they all about.
Which when I 'gan resolve, and in my head conceive,
What pleasant life, what heaps of joy, these little birds
receive,

And saw in what estate I, weary man, was wrought,
By want of that they had at will, and I reject at nought,
Lord ! how I 'gan in wrath unwisely me demean !

I cursèd Love, and him defied ; I thought to turn the
stream.

30

But when I well beheld, he had me under awe,
I askèd mercy for my fault, that so transgress'd his law :
'Thou blinded god,' quoth I, 'forgive me this offence,
Unwittingly I went about to malice thy pretence.'²
Wherewith he gave a beck, and thus methought he swore :
'Thy sorrow ought suffice to purge thy fault, if it were
more.'

The virtue of which sound mine heart did so revive,
That I, methought, was made as whole as any man alive.
But here I may perceive mine error, all and some,
For that I thought that so it was ; yet was it still
undone ;

40

And all that was no more but mine expressèd mind,
That fain would have some good relief, of Cupid well
assign'd.

I turnèd home forthwith, and might perceive it well,
That he aggrieved was right sore with me for my rebel.

¹ 'Feres : ' mates ; 'my trusty fiere,' Burns has it in 'Auld Langsyne.'—

² 'Pretence : ' intention.

My harms have ever since increasèd more and more, 44
 And I remain, without his help, undone for evermore.
 A mirror let me be unto ye lovers all ;
 Strive not with Love ; for if ye do, it will ye thus befall.

COMPLAINT OF A LOVER REBUKED.

LOVE, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
 That built his seat within my captive breast,
 Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
 She, that me taught to love, and suffer pain :
 My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire
 With shamefaced cloak to shadow and restrain ;
 Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire,
 And coward Love then to the heart apace
 Taketh his flight, whereas¹ he lurks, and plains
 His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
 For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains ;
 Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove :
 Sweet is his death, that takes his end by love.

COMPLAINT OF THE LOVER DISDAINED.

IN Cyprus springs, whereas dame Venus dwelt,
 A well so hot, that whoso tastes the same,
 Were he of stone, as thawèd ice should melt,
 And kindled find his breast with fixèd flame ;
 Whose moist poison dissolvèd hath my hate.
 This creeping fire my cold limbs so oppress'd,

¹ ‘Whereas :’ where.

That in the heart that harbour'd freedom late,
 Endless despair long thraldom hath impress'd.
 Another¹ so cold in frozen ice is found,
 Whose chilling venom of repugnant kind,
 The fervent heat doth quench of Cupid's wound,
 And with the spot of change infects the mind ;
 Whereof my dear hath tasted to my pain :
 My service thus is grown into disdain.

DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE.

FROM Tuscanie came my lady's worthy race ;
 Fair Florence was sometime her² ancient seat.
 The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
 Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast :
 Her sire an earl ; her dame of prince's blood.
 From tender years, in Britain doth she rest,
 With kinges child, where she tasteth costly food.
 Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen :
 Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
 And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kind ;³ her virtues from above ;
 Happy is he that can obtain her love !

THE FRAILTY AND HURTFULNESS OF BEAUTY.⁴

BRITTLE beauty, that Nature made so frail,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short is the season ;

¹ 'Another : ' another well.—² 'Her : ' their.—³ 'Kind : ' nature.—⁴ It is somewhat uncertain whether this poem be Surrey's ; it is also ascribed to Lord Vaux.

Flowering to-day, to-morrow apt to fail ;
 Tickle¹ treasure, abhorr'd of reason ;
 Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail ;
 Costly in keeping ; past, not worth two peason ;²
 Slipper in sliding, as is an eel's tail ;
 Hard to attain, once gotten, not geason ;³
 Jewel of jeopardy, that peril doth assail ;
 False and untrue, enticèd oft to treason ;
 Enemy to youth, that most may I bewail ;
 Ah ! bitter sweet, infecting as the poison,
 Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken ;
 To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all-to⁴ shaken.

A COMPLAINT BY NIGHT OF THE LOVER NOT BELOVED.

ALAS, so all things now do hold their peace !
 Heaven and earth disturbèd in no thing ;
 The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
 The nightès car the stars about doth bring ;
 Calm is the sea ; the waves work less and less :
 So am not I, whom love, alas ! doth wring,
 Bringing before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
 In joy and woe, as in a doubtful case.
 For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring ;
 But by and by, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
 When that I think what grief it is again
 To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

¹ 'Tickle : ' unstable, ticklish.—² 'Peason : ' peas.—³ 'Geason : ' rare, or uncommon.—⁴ 'All-to : ' altogether.

HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER, IN
SPRING REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

WHEN Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm,
 My hand my chin, to ease my restless head ;
 The pleasant plot revested green with warm,
 The blossom'd boughs, with lusty Ver yspread,
 The flowered meads, the wedded birds so late,
 Mine eyes discover ; and to my mind resort
 The jolly woes, the hateless, short debate,
 The rakehell¹ life, that 'longs to love's disport :
 Wherewith, alas ! the heavy charge of care
 Heap'd in my breast breaks forth, against my will,
 In smoky sighs that overcast the air,
 My vapour'd eyes such dreary tears distil,
 The tender spring which quicken where they fall,
 And I half bend to throw me down withal.

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER
HE BE REWARDED.

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;
 In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
 In presence prest² of people mad or wise ;
 Set me in high, or yet in low degree ;
 In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
 In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
 In lusty youth, or when my hairs are gray :
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood ;

¹ 'Rakehell:' or rakes, careless.—² 'Prest:' usually means ready; here it may, perhaps, mean a press or crowd of people.

Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
 Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
 Hers will I be ; and only with this thought
 Content myself, although my chance be nought.

COMPLAINT,

THAT HIS LADY, AFTER SHE KNEW HIS LOVE, KEPT HER FACE ALWAYS HIDDEN FROM HIM.

I NEVER saw my lady lay apart
 Her cornet¹ black, in cold nor yet in heat,
 Sith first she knew my grief was grown so great;
 Which other fancies driveth from my heart,
 That to myself I do the thought reserve,
 The which unwares did wound my woful breast :
 But on her face mine eyes might never rest.
 Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,
 Her golden tresses clad alway with black,
 Her smiling looks that hid thus evermore,
 And that restrains which I desire so sore :
 So doth this cornet govern me, alack !
 In summer, sun ; in winter's breath, a frost,
 Whereby the light of her fair looks I lost.

REQUEST TO HIS LOVE TO JOIN BOUNTY WITH BEAUTY.

THE golden gift that Nature did thee give,
 To fasten friends, and feed them at thy will,
 With form and favour, taught me to believe
 How thou art made to show her greatest skill ;

¹ ‘Cornet :’ a head-dress, so called from its horns or points to which the veil was attached.

Whose hidden virtues are not so unknown,
 But lively dooms¹ might gather at the first
 Where beauty so her perfect seed hath sown
 Of other graces follow needs there must.
 Now certes, Garret,² since all this is true,
 That from above thy gifts are thus elect,
 Do not deface them then with fancies new ;
 Nor change of minds, let not the mind infect :
 But mercy³ him, thy friend that doth thee serve,
 Who seeks alway thine honour to preserve.

PRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas,
 As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,
 With a king's son,⁴ my childish⁵ years did pass,
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy :
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour:
 The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,⁶
 With eyes cast up into the maidens' tower,
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love ;
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue ;
 The dances short, long tales of great delight; 10
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue ;⁷
 Where each of us did plead the other's right;
 The palm-play,⁸ where, despoiled for the game,
 With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love

¹ 'Lively dooms : ' persons of quick judgment.—² 'Garret.' the Fitz-Geralds usually wrote their name Garret, and it seems that Geraldine was so called when in attendance on the Princess Mary.—³ 'Mercy : ' used as a verb.—⁴ 'King's son : ' the young Duke of Richmond, natural son to Henry VIII., see 'Life.'—⁵ 'Childish : ' in the sense of 'childe.'—⁶ 'Hove : ' hover.—⁷ 'Rue : ' melt, cause to pity.—⁸ 'Palm-play : ' ball, or tennis.

Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame, 15
 To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above ;¹
 The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
 With chere,² as though one should another whelm,
 Where we have fought, and chasèd oft with darts; 20
 With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth;
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trainèd with swarms of youth,
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length;
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays;
 The wild forest, the clothèd holts with green;
 With reins availed,³ and swift ybreathed horse, 30
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force;⁴
 The void walls eke, that harbour'd us each night:
 Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
 The wanton⁵ talk, the divers change of play,
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we pass'd the winter night away. 40
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
 Up-suppèd have, thus I my plaint renew:

¹ ‘The leads.’ the ladies were ranged on the leads or battlements of the castle to see the play.—² ‘Chere :’ men.—³ ‘Availed :’ lowered or slackened.—⁴ ‘Force :’ The chase in which the game was run down, not stalked and shot, was called the *chasse à forcer*.—⁵ ‘Wanton :’ idle.

' Oh place of bliss ! renewer of my woes ! 45
 Give me account, where is my noble fere ?
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose ;
 To other lief ;¹ but unto me most dear.'
 Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint. 50
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint :
 And, with remembrance of the greater grief
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

THE LOVER COMFORTETH HIMSELF WITH THE WORTHINESS OF HIS LOVE.

- 1 WHEN raging love with extreme pain
 Most cruelly distrains my heart ;
 When that my tears, as floods of rain,
 Bear witness of my woful smart ;
 When sighs have wasted so my breath
 That I lie at the point of death :
- 2 I call to mind the navy great
 That the Greeks brought to Troy town :
 And how the boisterous winds did beat
 Their ships, and rent their sails adown ;
 Till Agamemnon's daughter's blood
 Appeased the gods that them withstood :
- 3 And how that in those ten years' war
 Full many a bloody deed was done ;
 And many a lord that came full far,
 There caught his bane, alas ! too soon ;
 And many a good knight overrun,
 Before the Greeks had Helen won.

¹ 'Lief.' dear.

- 4 Then think I thus : ‘ Sith such repair,
 So long time war of valiant men,
 Was all to win a lady fair,
 Shall I not learn to suffer then ?
 And think my life well spent to be,
 Serving a worthier wight than she ? ’
- 5 Therefore I never will repent,
 But pains contented still endure ;
 For like as when, rough winter spent,
 The pleasant spring straight draweth in ure,¹
 So after raging storms of care,
 Joyful at length may be my fare.
-

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER, BEING UPON THE SEA.

SUPPOSED TO REFER TO HIS LADY'S FEELINGS IN SURREY'S
ABSENCE.

- 1 OH happy dames that may embrace
 The fruit of your delight,
 Help to bewail the woful case,
 And eke the heavy plight,
 Of me that wonted to rejoice
 The fortune of my pleasant choice :
 Good ladies help to fill my mourning voice.
- 2 In ship freight with remembrance
 Of thoughts and pleasures past,
 He sails that hath in governance
 My life while it will last ;

¹ ‘ Ure :’ supposed to come from the French *heure*. It means favourable fortune.

With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
 Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
 Toward me, the sweet port of his availe.¹

- 3 Alas ! how oft in dreams I see
 Those eyes that were my food ;
 Which sometime so delighted me
 That yet they do me good :
 Wherewith I wake with his return,
 Whose absent flame did make me burn :
 But when I find the lack, Lord ! how I mourn.
- 4 When other lovers in arms across,
 Rejoice their chief delight ;
 Drownèd in tears to mourn my loss,
 I stand the bitter night
 In my window, where I may see
 Before the winds how the clouds flee :
 Lo ! what mariner love hath made of me.
- 5 And in green waves when the salt flood
 Doth rise by rage of wind,
 A thousand fancies in that mood
 Assail my restless mind.
 Alas ! now drencheth ² my sweet foe,
 That with the spoil of my heart did go,
 And left me ; but, alas ! why did he so ?
- 6 And when the seas wax calm again,
 To chase from me annoy,
 My doubtful hope doth cause me plain ;
 So dread cuts off my joy.

¹ ‘ Port of his availe : ’ port where he intends to lower his sails —² ‘ Drench-
 eth : ’ drowneth.

Thus is my wealth¹ mingled with woe :
 And of each thought a doubt doth grow ;
 Now he comes ! will he come ? alas ! no, no !

COMPLAINT OF A DYING LOVER

REFUSED UPON HIS LADY'S UNJUST MISTAKING OF HIS
 WRITING.

IN winter's just return, when Boreas 'gan his reign,
 And every tree unclothèd fast, as nature taught them plain
 In misty morning dark, as sheep are then in hold,
 I hied me fast, it sat me on, my sheep for to unfold.
 And as it is a thing that lovers have by fits,
 Under a palm I heard one cry as he had lost his wits,
 Whose voice did ring so shrill in uttering of his plaint,
 That I amazed was to hear how love could him attaint.
 'Ah ! wretched man,' quoth he ; 'come, death, and rid
 this woe ;
 A just reward, a happy end, if it may chance thee so. 10
 Thy pleasures past have wrought thy woe without redress ;
 If thou hadst never felt no joy, thy smart had been the
 less.'
 And, reckless of his life, he 'gan both sigh and groan :
 A rueful thing methought it was, to hear him make such
 moan.
 'Thou cursed pen,' said he, 'woe-worth the bird thee
 bare ;
 The man, the knife, and all that made thee, woe be to
 their share :
 Woe-worth the time and place where I so could indite ;
 And woe be it yet once again, the pen that so can write.

¹ 'Wealth : ' well-being.

Unhappy hand ! it had been happy time for me, 19
 If when to write thou learned first, unjointed hadst thou be.'
 Thus cursed he himself, and every other wight,
 Save her alone whom love him bound to serve both day
 and night.

Which when I heard, and saw how he himself for-did,¹
 Against the ground with bloody strokes, himself e'en
 there to rid ;

Had been my heart of flint, it must have melted tho,²
 For in my life I never saw a man so full of woe.
 With tears for his redress I rashly to him ran,
 And in my arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake
 him than :

' What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy case
 Torments thyself with such despite, here in this desert
 place ?' 30

Wherewith, as all aghast, fulfill'd with ire and dread,
 He cast on me a staring look, with colour pale and dead:
 ' Nay, what art thou,' quoth he, ' that in this heavy plight
 Dost find me here, most woful wretch, that life hath in
 despite ?'

' I am,' quoth I, ' but poor, and simple in degree,
 A shepherd's charge I have in hand, unworthy though
 I be.'

With that he gave a sigh, as though the sky should fall,
 And loud, alas ! he shriekèd oft, and, ' Shepherd,' gan
 he call,

' Come, hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy heart,
 So thou shalt know, and I shall tell thee, guiltless how
 I smart.' 40

His back against the tree, sore feebled all with faint,
 With weary sprite he stretch'd him up, and thus he told
 his plaint :

¹ ' For-did : ' destroyed.—² ' Tho : ' then.

'Once in my heart,' quoth he, 'it chancèd me to love 43
 Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her cunning
 for to prove ;

And sure I cannot say, but many years were spent,
 With such good will so recompensed, as both we were
 content.

Whereto then I me bound, and she likewise also,
 The sun should run his course awry, ere we this faith
 forego.

Who joyèd then but I ? who had this worldès bliss ?
 Who might compare a life to mine, that never thought
 on this ? 50

But dwelling in this truth, amid my greatest joy,
 Is me befallen a greater loss than Priam had of Troy.
 She is reversèd clean, and beareth me in hand,
 That my deserts have given cause to break this faithful
 band :

And for my just excuse availeth no defence.
 Now know'st thou all ; I can no more ; but, shepherd,
 hie thee hence,

And give him leave to die, that may no longer live :
 Whose record, lo ! I claim to have, my death I do forgive ;
 And eke, when I am gone, be bold to speak it plain, 59
 Thou hast seen die the truest man that ever love did pain.'
 Wherewith he turn'd him round, and gasping oft for breath,
 Into his arms a tree he caught, and said : ' Welcome my
 death !

Welcome, a thousandfold now dearer unto me
 Than should, without her love to live, an emperor to be.'
 Thus in this woful state he yielded up the ghost ;
 And little knoweth his lady, what a lover she hath lost.
 Whose death when I beheld, no marvel was it, right
 For pity through my heart did bleed, to see so piteous
 sight ;

My blood from heat to cold oft changèd wonders sore; 60
A thousand troubles there I found I never knew before;
'Tween dread and dolour so my sprites were brought in
 fear,

That long it was ere I could call to mind what I did
 there.

But as each thing hath end, so had these pains of mine:
The furies pass'd, and I my wits restored by length of
 time.

Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best
Where I might find some worthy place for such a corse
 to rest;

And in my mind it came, from thence not far away,
Where Cressid's love, King Priam's son, the worthy
 Troilus lay:

By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
And as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.¹ 80
Whose soul by angels' power departed not so soon,
But to the heavens, lo! it fled, for to receive his doom.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE OF HER LOVER, BEING UPON THE SEA.

GOOD ladies! ye that have your pleasure in exile,
Step in your foot, come, take a place, and mourn with
 me awhile:

And such as by their lords do set but little price,
Let them sit still, it skills them not what chance comes
 on the dice.

¹ "Blue :" the colour of constancy. Burns says, "The hyacinth for constancy, as the unchanging blue." Each colour was held significant of character.

But ye whom love hath bound, by order of desire, 5
 To love your lords, whose good deserts none other would
 require,

Come ye yet once again, and set your foot by mine,
 Whose woful plight and sorrows great no tongue may
 well define.

My love and lord, alas ! in whom consists my wealth,
 Hath fortune sent to pass the seas, in hazard of his
 health. 10

Whom I was wont t' embrace with well contented mind,
 Is now amid the foaming floods at pleasure of the wind,
 Where God will him preserve, and soon him home me
 send ;

Without which hope my life, alas ! were shortly at an end.
 Whose absence yet, although my hope doth tell me plain,
 With short return he comes anon, yet ceaseth not my
 pain.

The fearful dreams I have ofttimes do grieve me so,
 That when I wake, I lie in doubt, where¹ they be true
 or no.

Sometime the roaring seas, me seems, do grow so high,
 That my dear lord, ay me ! alas ! methinks I see him
 die. 20

And other time the same doth tell me he is come,
 And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair little
 son.²

So forth I go apace to see that liefsome³ sight,
 And with a kiss, methinks I say, ‘ Welcome, my lord,
 my knight ;

Welcome, my sweet ; alas ! the stay of my welfare ;
 Thy presence bringeth forth a truce betwixt me and my
 care.’

¹ ‘ Where : ’ whether.—² ‘ Fair little son : ’ this marks the reference to be to Lady Surrey and her son Thomas—³ ‘ Liefsome : ’ dear, welcome.

Then lively doth he look, and salueth me again, 27
 And saith, ' My dear, how is it now that you have all
 this pain ? '

Wherewith the heavy cares, that heap'd are in my breast,
 Break forth and me dischargen clean of all my huge
 unrest. 30

But when I me awake, and find it but a dream,
 The anguish of my former woe beginneth more extreme ;
 And me tormenteth so that unneath¹ may I find
 Some hidden place, wherein to slake the gnawing of my
 mind.

Thus every way you see with absence how I burn ;
 And for my wound no cure I find, but hope of good re-
 turn :

Save when I think, by sour how sweet is felt the more,
 It doth abate some of my pains, that I abode before ;
 And then unto myself I say, ' When we shall meet,
 But little while shall seem this pain, the joy shall be so
 sweet.' 40

Ye winds, I you conjure, in chiefest of your rage,
 That ye my lord me safely send, my sorrows to assuage ;
 And that I may not long abide in this excess,
 Do your good will to cure a wight that liveth in distress.

A PRAISE OF HIS LOVE,

WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR
 LADIES WITH HIS.

1 GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well sayen,

Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

- 2 And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair ;
For what she saith, ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealèd were :
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to show.
 - 3 I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not paint :
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.
 - 4 I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart ;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
' She could not make the like again.'
 - 5 Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink ! some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.
-

TO HIS MISTRESS.

If he that erst the form so lively drew
Of Venus' face, triumph'd in painter's art.

Thy father then what glory did ensue,
 By whose pencil a goddess made thou art ?
 Touched with flame that figure made some rue,
 And with her love surprisèd many a heart.
 There lack'd yet that should cure their hot desire :
 Thou canst inflame and quench the kindled fire.

TO THE LADY THAT SCORNED HER LOVER.

1 ALTHOUGH I had a check,
 To give the mate is hard ;
 For I have found a neck,¹
 To keep my men in guard.
 And you that hardy are,
 To give so great assay
 Unto a man of war,
 To drive his men away ;

2 I rede ² you take good heed,
 And mark this foolish verse ;
 For I will so provide,
 That I will have your ferse.³
 And when your ferse is had,
 And all your war is done,
 Then shall yourself be glad
 To end that you begun.

3 For if by chance I win
 Your person in the field,
 Too late then come you in
 Yourself to me to yield.

¹ 'Neck : ' apparently an expression used in chess playing, but the meaning is not clear.—² 'Rede : ' advise.—³ 'Ferse : ' the queen at chess.

For I will use my power,
 As captain full of might ;
 And such I will devour
 As use to show me spite.

- 4 And for because you gave
 Me check in such degree,
 This vantage, lo ! I have,
 Now check, and guard to thec.
 Defend it if thou may ;
 Stand stiff in thine estate :
 For sure I will assay,
 If I can give thee mate.
-

A WARNING TO THE LOVER, HOW HE IS ABUSED BY HIS LOVE.

Too dearly had I bought my green and youthful years,
 If in mine age I could not find when craft for love
 appears ;
 And seldom though I come in court among the rest,
 Yet can I judge in colours dim as deep as can the best.
 Where grief torments the man that suff'reth secret smart,
 To break it forth unto some friend, it easeth well the
 heart.

So stands it now with me, for, my beloved friend,
 This case is thine, for whom I feel such torment of my
 mind ;
 And for thy sake I burn so in my secret breast,
 That till thou know my whole disease, my heart can
 have no rest.

I see how thine abuse hath wrested so thy wits,
 That all it yields to thy desire, and follows thee by fits.

Where thou hast loved so long, with heart and all thy
power,

I see thee fed with feignèd words, thy freedom to devour :
I know (though she say nay, and would it well withstand)
When in her grace thou held thee most, she bare thee but
in hand.

I see her pleasant chere in chiefest of thy suit;
When thou art gone, I see him come that gathers up the
fruit;

And eke, in thy respect, I see the base degree
Of him to whom she gave the heart that promised was
to thee.

20

I see (what would you more), stood never man so sure
On woman's word, but wisdom would mistrust it to endure.

THE FORSAKEN LOVER DESCRIBETH AND FORSAKETH LOVE.

1 OH loathsome place ! where I
 Have seen and heard my dear ;
When in my heart her eye
 Hath made her thought appear,
By glimsping with such grace,
 As fortune it ne would
That lasten any space,
 Between us longer should.

2 As fortune did advance
 To further my desire,
Even so hath fortune's chance
 Thrown all amidst the mire.

And that I have deserved
 With true and faithful heart,
 Is to his hands reserved
 That never felt the smart.

- 3 But happy is that man
 That 'scapèd hath the grief,
 That love will teach him can,
 By wanting his relief.
 A scourge to quiet minds
 It is, who taketh heed ;
 A common plague¹ that binds
 A travail without meed.

- 4 This gift it hath also :
 Whoso enjoys it most,
 A thousand troubles grow,
 To vex his wearied ghost.²
 And last it may not long,
 The truest thing of all:
 And sure the greatest wrong,
 That is within this thrall.

- 5 But since thou, desert place,
 Canst give me no account
 Of my desired grace,
 That I to have was wont;
 Farewell ! thou hast me taught,
 To think me not the first
 That love hath set aloft,
 And casten in the dust.

¹ Plage : ' a toil or net.—² Ghost : ' spirit, mind.

THE LOVER DESCRIBETH HIS RESTLESS
STATE.

- 1 As oft as I behold and see
 The sovereign beauty that me bound,
 The nigher my comfort is to me,
 Alas ! the fresher is my wound.
- 2 As flame doth quench by rage of fire,
 And running streams consume by rain,
 So doth the sight that I desire
 Appease my grief and deadly pain.
- 3 Like as the fly that see'th the flame,
 And thinks to play her in the fire,
 That found her woe, and sought her game
 Where grief did grow by her desire ;
- 4 First when I saw those crystal streams,
 Whose beauty made my mortal wound,
 I little thought within their beams
 So sweet a venom to have found.
- 5 But wilful will did prick me forth,
 Blind Cupid did me whip and guide ;
 Force made me take my grief in worth ;¹
 My fruitless hope my harm did hide ;
- 6 Wherein is hid the cruel bit,
 Whose sharp repulse none can resist ;
 And eke the spur that strains each wit
 To run the race against his list.²

¹ ‘In worth :’ patiently.—² ‘His list :’ his pleasure.

- 7 As cruel waves full oft be found
 Against the rocks to roar and cry;
 So doth my heart full oft rebound
 Against my breast full bitterly.
- 8 And as the spider draws her line,
 With labour lost I frame my suit;
 The fault is hers, the loss is mine:
 Of ill-sown seed such is the fruit.
- 9 I fall, and see mine own decay;
 As he that bears flame in his breast,
 Forgets for pain to cast away
 The thing that breedeth his unrest.
-

THE LOVER EXCUSETH HIMSELF OF SUSPECTED CHANGE.

- 1 THOUGH I regarded not
 The promise made by me;
 Or passèd not to spot
 My faith and honesty:
 Yet were my fancy strange,
 And wilful will to wite,¹
 If I sought now to change
 A falcon for a kite.
- 2 All men might well dispraise
 My wit and enterprise,
 If I esteemed a pese²
 Above a pearl in price:
 Or judged the owl in sight
 The sparhawk to excel,

¹ ‘Wite:’ blame.—² ‘Pese:’ a pea.

Which fliehth but in the night,
As all men know right well.

3 Or if I sought to sail
 Into the brittle port,
Where anchor hold doth fail
 To such as do resort ;
And leave the haven sure,
 Where blows no blustering wind ;
Nor fickleness in ure,¹
 So far forth as I find.

4 No ! think me not so light,
 Nor of so churlish kind,
Though it lay in my might
 My bondage to unbind,
That I would leave the hind
 To hunt the gander's foe :
No, no ! I have no mind
 To make exchanges so.

5 Nor yet to change at all ;
 For think, it may not be
That I should seek to fall
 From my felicity.
Desirous for to win,
 And loath for to forego ;
Or new change to begin ;
 How may all this be so ?

6 The fire it cannot freeze,
 For it is not his kind ;
Nor true love cannot lese²
 The constance of the mind.

¹ ‘Ure :’ see note, page 245.—² ‘Lese :’ lose.

Yet as soon shall the fire
Want heat to blaze and burn,
As I, in such desire,
Have once a thought to turn.

A CARELESS MAN

SCORNING AND DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE USAGE OF WOMEN
TOWARDS THEIR LOVERS.

WRAPT in my careless cloak, as I walk to and fro,
I see how love can show what force there reigneth in
his bow :

And how he shooteth eke a hardy heart to wound ;
And where he glanceth by again, that little hurt is
found.

For seldom is it seen he woundeth hearts alike ;
The one may rage, when t'other's love is often far to
seek.

All this I see, with more ; and wonder thinketh me
How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other
free.

I see that wounded wight that suff'reth all this wrong,
How he is fed with yeas and nays, and liveth all too long.
In silence though I keep such secrets to myself, 11
Yet do I see how she sometime doth yield a look by
stealth,

As though it seem'd, ‘I wis, I will not lose thee so ;’
When in her heart so sweet a thought did never truly
grow.

Then say I thus : ‘Alas! that man is far from bliss,
That doth receive for his relief none other gain but this.’
And she that feeds him so, I feel and find it plain,
Is but to glory in her power, that over such can reign :

Nor are such graces spent, but when she thinks that he,
A wearied man, is fully bent such fancies to let flee. 20
Then to retain him still, she wrasteth¹ new her grace,
And smileth, lo ! as though she would forthwith the man
embrace.

But when the proof is made, to try such looks withal,
He findeth then the place all void, and freighted full of
gall.

Lord! what abuse is this; who can such women praise,
That for their glory do devise to use such crafty ways ?
I that among the rest do sit and mark the row,
Find that in her is greater craft than is in twenty mo :
Whose tender years, alas ! with wiles so well are sped,
What will she do when hoary hairs are powder'd in her
head? 30

AN ANSWER IN THE BEHALF OF A WOMAN.²

GIRT in my guiltless gown, as I sit here and sew,
I see that things are not in deed as to the outward show;
And whoso list to look and note things somewhat near,
Shall find where plainness seems to haunt, nothing but
craft appear.

For with indifferent eyes, myself can well discern,
How some to guide a ship in storms stick not to take
the stern;

Whose skill and courage tried in calm to steer a barge,
They would soon show, you should foresee, it were too
great a charge.

And some I see again sit still and say but small,
That can do ten times more than they that say they can
do all. 10

¹ ‘Wrasteth :’ wrests to another form or purpose.—² There is a doubt whether this piece was written by Surrey.

Whose goodly gifts are such, the more they understand,
The more they seek to learn and know, and take less
charge in hand. 12

And to declare more plain, the time flits not so fast,
But I can bear right well in mind the song now sung,
and past ;

The author whereof came, wrapt in a crafty cloak,
In will¹ to force a flaming fire where he could raise no
smoke.

If power and will had met, as it appeareth plain,
Then truth nor right had ta'en no place ; their virtues
had been vain ;

So that you may perceive, and I may safely see,
The innocent that guiltless is, condemnèd should have
be. 20

Much like untruth to this the story doth declare,
Where the elders laid to Susan's charge meet matter to
compare ;

They did her both accuse, and eke condemn her too,
And yet no reason, right, nor truth, did lead them so
to do !

And she thus judged to die, toward her death went forth,
Fraughted with faith, a patient pace, taking her wrong
in worth.²

But He that doth defend all those that in Him trust,
Did raise a child for her defence to shield her from th'
unjust ;

And Daniel chosen was then of this wrong to weet,
How, in what place, and eke with whom she did this
crime commit. 30

He caused the elders part, the one from th' other's sight,
And did examine one by one, and charged them both
say right.

¹ 'In will : ' with will.—² 'In worth : ' meekly, patiently.

' Under a mulberry-tree it was ; ' first said the one ; 33
The next named a pomegranate-tree, whereby the truth
was known.

Then Susan was discharged, and they condemn'd to die,
As right required, and they deserved, that framed so
foul a lie.

And He that her preserved, and let them of their lust,
Hath me defended hitherto, and will do still, I trust.

THE CONSTANT LOVER LAMENTETH.

1 SINCE Fortune's wrath envieth the wealth
 Wherein I reignèd, by the sight
Of that, that fed mine eyes by stealth
 With sour, sweet, dread, and delight;
Let not my grief move you to moan,
For I will weep and wail alone.

2 Spite drove me into Boreas' reign,
 Where hoary frosts the fruits do bite,
When hills were spread, and every plain
 With stormy winter's mantle white;
And yet, my dear, such was my heat,
When others froze, then did I sweat.

3 And now, though on the sun I drive,
 Whose fervent flame all things decays;
His beams in brightness may not strive
 With light of your sweet golden rays ;
Nor from my breast his heat remove
The frozen thoughts, graven by love.

4 Ne may the waves of the salt flood
 Quench that your beauty set on fire ;
 For though mine eyes forbear the food
 That did relieve the hot desire,
 Such as I was, such will I be,
 Your own ; what would ye more of me ?

A SONG WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF SURREY

OF A LADY THAT REFUSED TO DANCE WITH HIM.

EACH beast can choose his fere according to his mind,
 And eke can show a friendly chere, like to their beastly
 kind.

A lion¹ saw I late, as white as any snow,
 Which seemèd well to lead the race, his port the same
 did show.

Upon the gentle beast to gaze it pleasèd me,
 For still methought he seemèd well of noble blood to be.
 And as he pranced before, still seeking for a make,
 As who would say, ‘ There is none here, I trow, will me
 forsake,’

I might perceive a wolf² as white as whalèsbone ;
 A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none ; 10
 Save that her looks were coy, and foward eke her grace :
 Unto the which this gentle beast gan him advance apace,
 And with a beck full low he bowèd at her feet,
 In humble wise, as who would say, ‘ I am too far unmeet.’
 But such a scornful chere, wherewith she him rewarded !
 Was never seen, I trow, the like, to such as well deserved.

¹ ‘A lion :’ that is, Surrey himself, the white lion being one of the badges of the house of Howard.—² ‘A wolf :’ guessed to mean the Lady Stanhope, the arms of whose family bore a wolf.

With that she start aside well near a foot or twain, 17
 And unto him thus 'gan she say, with spite and great
 disdain :

' Lion,' she said, ' if thou hadst known my mind before,
 Thou hadst not spent thy travail thus, nor all thy pain
 forlore.¹

Do way ! I let thee weet, thou shalt not play with me :
 Go range about, where thou mayst find some meeter fere
 for thee.'

With that he beat his tail, his eyes began to flame ;
 I might perceive his noble heart much movèd by the
 same ;

Yet saw I him refrain, and eke his wrath assuage,
 And unto her thus 'gan he say, when he was past his
 rage :

' Cruel ! you do me wrong, to set me thus so light ;
 Without desert for my good-will to show me such despite.
 How can ye thus intreat a lion of the race,
 That with his paws a crownèd king devourèd in the
 place,²

30

Whose nature is to prey upon no simple food,
 As long as he may suck the flesh, and drink of noble
 blood ?

If you be fair and fresh, am I not of your hue ?³
 And for my vaunt I dare well say, my blood is not un-
 true ;

For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,
 Sith that for love one of the race did end his life in woe,
 In tower both strong and high, for his assurèd truth,
 Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas ! the more
 the routh.

¹ ' Forlore : ' lost.—² Apparently an allusion to the defeat of James IV. at Flodden, by Thomas, then Earl of Surrey, the Poet's grandfather.—³ ' Your
 hue : ' your match.

This gentle beast so died, whom nothing could remove,
 But willingly to lese his life for loss of his true love.¹ 40
 Other there be whose lives do linger still in pain,
 Against their will preservèd are, that would have died
 fain.

But now I do perceive that nought it moveth you,
 My good intent, my gentle heart, nor yet my kind so true
 But that your will is such to lure me to the trade,
 As other some full many years trace by the craft ye made.
 And thus behold our kinds, how that we differ far ;
 I seek my foes, and you your friends do threaten still
 with war.

I fawn where I am fled, you slay that seeks to you :
 I can devour no yielding prey, you kill where you sub-
 due ;

50

My kind is to desire the honour of the field ;
 And you with blood to slake your thirst on such as to
 you yield.

Wherefore I would you wist, that for your coyed looks,
 I am no man that will be trapp'd, nor tangled with such
 hooks.

And though some lust to love, where blame full well they
 might ;

And to such beasts of current sort that would have travail
 bright ;

I will observe the law that Nature gave to me,
 To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free.
 And as a falcon free, that soareth in the air,
 Which never fed on hand nor lure, nor for no stale²
 doth care,

60

¹ Thomas Howard, half uncle to Surrey, was committed to the Tower for having, without the knowledge of Henry VIII., affianced himself to the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, the King's sister. He died in the Tower after a confinement of two years.—² 'Stale : ' a piece of meat used to allure falcons back to the hand.

While that I live and breathe, such shall my custom be
 In wildness of the woods to seek my prey, where pleaseth
 me;

Where many one shall rue, that never made offence;
 Thus your refuse against my power shall boot them no
 defence;

And for revenge thereof I vow and swear thereto,
 A thousand spoils I shall commit I never thought to do;
 And if to light on you my luck so good shall be,
 I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me.
 And thus farewell, Unkind, to whom I bent and bow;
 I would you wist, the ship is safe that bare his sails so
 low.

70

Sith that a lion's heart is for a wolf no prey,
 With bloody mouth go slake your thirst on simple sheep,
 I say,

With more despite and ire than I can now express;
 Which to my pain, though I refrain, the cause you may
 well guess.

As for because myself was author of the game,
 It boots me not that for my wrath I should disturb the
 same.'

THE FAITHFUL LOVER

DECLARETH HIS PAINS AND HIS UNCERTAIN JOYS, AND
 WITH ONLY HOPE RECOMFORTETH SOMEWHAT
 HIS WOFUL HEART.

If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?
 If each man do bewail his woe, why show not I my pain?
 Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is none
 So far from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause to
 moan.

For all things having life sometime hath quiet rest ; 5
The bearing ass, the drawing ox, and every other beast;
The peasant, and the post, that serves at all assays;
The ship-boy and the galley-slave, have time to take
their ease ;

Save I, alas ! whom care of force doth so constrain
To wail the day, and wake the night, continually in
 pain ;

From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter tears,
From tears to painful plaint again; and thus my life it
wears.

Nothing under the sun, that I can hear or see,
But moveth me for to bewail my cruel destiny.
For where men do rejoice, since that I cannot so,
I take no pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my woe.
And when I hear the sound of song or instrument,
Methink each tune there doleful is, and helps me to
lament.

And if I see some have their most desirèd sight,
‘Alas!’ think I, ‘each man hath weal, save I, most woful
wight.’

Then as the stricken deer withdraws himself alone,
So do I seek some secret place, where I may make my
moan.

There do my flowing eyes show forth my melting heart;
So that the streams of those two wells right well declare
 my smart;

And in those cares so cold, I force myself a heat,
(As sick men in their shaking fits procure themselves to
sweat,) 10

With thoughts that for the time do much appease my
pain :

But yet they cause a farther fear, and breed my woe again.

Methink within my thought I see right plain appear 29
 My heart's delight, my sorrow's leech, mine earthly
 goddess here,

With every sundry grace, that I have seen her have :
 Thus I within my woful breast her picture paint and
 grave;

And in my thought I roll her beauties to and fro,
 Her laughing chere, her lively look, my heart that pierced so,
 Her strangeness when I sued her servant for to be,
 And what she said, and how she smiled, when that she
 pitied me.

Then comes a sudden fear that reaveth¹ all my rest,
 Lest absence cause forgetfulness to sink within her
 breast.

For when I think how far this earth doth us divide,
 Alas ! me seems love throws me down ; I feel how that
 I slide. 40

But then I think again, ' Why should I thus mistrust
 So sweet a wight, so sad and wise, that is so true and just ?
 For loath she was to love, and wavering is she not ;
 The farther off the more desired.' Thus lovers tie their
 knot.

So in despair and hope plunged am I both up and down,
 As is the ship with wind and wave, when Neptune list
 to frown :

But as the watery showers delay the raging wind,
 So doth good hope clean put away despair out of my
 mind ;

And bids me for to serve, and suffer patiently : 49
 For what wot I the after weal that fortune wills to me ?
 For those that care do know, and tasted have of trouble,
 When passed is their woful pain, each joy shall seem them
 double,

¹ ' Reaveth : ' robbeth, hence ' reaver.'

And bitter sends she now, to make me taste the better
 The pleasant sweet, when that it comes, to make it seem
 the sweeter.

54

And so determine I to serve until my breath ;
 Yea, rather die a thousand times, than once to false my
 faith.

And if my feeble corpse, through weight of woful smart,
 Do fail, or faint, my will it is that still she keep my
 heart;

And when this carcass here to earth shall be refared,
 I do bequeath my wearied ghost to serve her afterward.

THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.¹

- 1 MARTIAL, the things that do attain
 The happy life, be these, I find :
 The riches left, not got with pain ;
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind :
- 2 The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;
 No charge of rule nor governance ;
 Without disease, the healthful life ;
 The household of continuance :
- 3 The mean diet, no delicate fare ;
 True wisdom join'd with simpleness ;
 The night dischargèd of all care,
 Where wine the wit may not oppress :
- 4 The faithful wife, without debate ;
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;
 Contented with thine own estate ;
 Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

¹ A translation from Martial, one of the earliest in the language.

PRAISE OF MEAN AND CONSTANT ESTATE.

(AFTER HORACE.)

- 1 Of thy life, Thomas,¹ this compass well mark :
Not aye with full sails the high seas to beat ;
Ne by coward dread, in shunning storms dark,
On shallow shores thy keel in peril freat.²
- 2 Whoso gladly halseth³ the golden mean,
Void of dangers advisedly hath his home ;
Not with loathsome muck as a den unclean,
Nor palace like, whereat disdain may glome.⁴
- 3 The lofty pine the great wind often rives ;
With violenter sway fallen turrets steep ;
Lightnings assault the high mountains and clives.⁵
A heart well stay'd, in overthwartes⁶ deep,
- 4 Hopeth amends ; in sweet, doth fear the sour.
God that sendeth, withdraweth winter sharp.
Now ill, not aye thus : once Phœbus to low'r,
With bow unbent, shall cease, and frame to harp
- 5 His voice. In strait estate appear thou stout ;
And so wisely, when lucky gale of wind
All thy puft sails shall fill, look well about ;
Take in a reef : haste is waste, proof doth find.

¹ ‘Thomas :’ Sir Thomas Wyatt.—² ‘Freat :’ fret or grate.—³ ‘Halseth :’ embraceth.—⁴ ‘Glome :’ look at scornfully.—⁵ ‘Clives :’ cliffs.—⁶ ‘Overthwartes :’ croases, adversities.

PRAISE OF CERTAIN PSALMS OF DAVID.

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS [WYATT] THE ELDER.

THE great Macedon, that out of Persia chased
 Darius, of whose huge power all Asia rung,
 In the rich ark¹ Dan Homer's rhymes he placed,
 Who feigned gests² of heathen princes sung.
 What holy grave, what worthy sepulture,
 To Wyatt's Psalms³ should Christians then purchase ?
 Where he doth paint the lively faith, and pure,
 The steadfast hope, the sweet return to grace,
 Of just David, by perfect penitence :
 Where rulers may see in a mirror clear,
 The bitter fruit of false concupiscence ;
 How Jewry bought Uriah's death full dear.
 In princes' hearts God's scourge imprinted deep,
 Ought them awake out of their sinful sleep.

10

OF THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS WYATT.

DIVERS thy death do diversely bemoan :
 Some that in presence of thy livelihed⁴
 Lurked, whose breasts envy with hate had swell'n,
 Yield Cæsar's tears upon Pompeius' head.
 Some, that watch'd with the murd'rer's knife,
 With eager thirst to drink thy guiltless blood,
 Whose practice brake by happy end of life,
 With envious tears to hear thy fame so good.

¹ ' Ark : ' coffer, chest.—² ' Gest : ' exploits.—³ ' Wyatt's Psalms : ' the seven penitential psalms, 'drawen into Englyshe meter by Sir Thomas Wyatt, Knyght.'—⁴ ' Livelihed : ' the state of life ; 'presence of thy livelihed,' presence of thee living.

But I, that knew what harbour'd in that head,
 What virtues rare were temper'd in that breast,
 Honour the place that such a jewel bred,
 And kiss the ground whereas¹ the corpse doth rest,
 With vapour'd eyes, from whence such streams availe,²
 As Pyramus did on Thisbe's breast bewail.

OF THE SAME.

- 1 WYATT resteth here, that quick could never rest ;
 Whose heavenly gifts increasèd by disdain,
 And virtue sank the deeper in his breast ;
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.
- 2 A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame ;
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain,
 As on a stithe,³ where that some work of fame
 Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain.
- 3 A visage stern and mild, where both did grow
 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice :
 Amid great storms, whom grace assurèd so,
 To live upright, and smile at fortune's choice.
- 4 A hand that taught what may be said in rhyme ;
 That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit :
 A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
 Some may approach, but never none shall hit.
- 5 A tongue that served in foreign realms his king ;
 Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
 Each noble heart; a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth by travail unto fame.

¹ 'Whereas : ' where.—² 'Availe : ' fall down.—³ 'Stithe : ' forge, or anvil.

- 6 An eye, whose judgment none affect¹ could blind,
 Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile ;
 Whose piercing look did represent a mind
 With virtue fraught, reposèd,² void of guile.
- 7 A heart, where dread was never so impress'd
 To hide the thought that might the truth advance ;
 In neither fortune loft,³ nor yet repress'd,
 To swell in wealth, or yield unto mischance.
- 8 A valiant corpse,⁴ where force and beauty met :
 Happy, alas ! too happy, but for foes,
 Lived, and ran the race that Nature set ;
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.
- 9 But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
 Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
 Witness of faith, that never shall be dead ;
 Sent for our health, but not receivèd so.
- Thus for our guilt this jewel have we lost ;
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.

OF THE SAME.

IN the rude age, when knowledge was not rife,
 If Jove in Crete, and other were that taught
 Arts, to convert to profit of our life,
 Wend⁵ after death to have their temples sought :

¹ ‘Affect :’ affection, passion.—² ‘Reposèd :’ calmly fixed.—³ ‘Loft :’ haughty.—⁴ ‘Corpse :’ person.—⁵ ‘Wend :’ did ween, or think.

If Virtue yet no void unthankful time,
 Failed of some to blast¹ her endless fame ;
 (A goodly mean both to deter from crime,
 And to her steps our sequel to inflame) ;
 In days of truth if Wyatt's friends then wail
 (The only debt that dead of quick may claim),
 That rare wit spent, employ'd to our avail,
 Where Christ is taught, we led to Virtue's train.
 His lively² face their breasts how did it freat,³
 Whose cinders⁴ yet with envy they do eat.

AN EPITAPH ON CLERE, SURREY'S FAITHFUL FRIEND AND FOLLOWER.⁵

NORFOLK sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead ;
 Clere, of the Count of Cleremont, thou hight ;
 Within the womb of Ormond's race thou bred,
 And saw'st thy cousin crownèd in thy sight.
 Shelton⁶ for love, Surrey for lord thou chase⁷
 (Ay me ! whilst life did last that league was tender) ;
 Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelso⁸ blaze,
 Landrecy burnt, and batter'd Boulogne render.
 At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
 Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will ;
 Which cause did thee this pining death procure,⁹
 Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfil.
 Ah ! Clere, if love had booted, care, or cost,
 Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.

¹ 'Blast : ' proclaim by trumpet.—² 'Lively : ' living.—³ 'Freat : ' fret.—⁴ 'Cinders : ' ashes.—⁵ 'Clere : ' Thomas, a cousin of Anne Boleyn, and faithful follower of Surrey. He died in 1545 of a hurt received at Montreuil in Surrey's defence.—⁶ 'Shelton : ' supposed to have been a daughter of Sir John Shelton, of Shelton, in Norfolk. Clere never married her.—⁷ 'Chase : ' didst choose.—⁸ 'Kelso : ' Surrey's connexion with the burning of Kelso is unknown. It occurred in 1542, under Norfolk.—⁹ 'Procure : ' he received the wound of which he died, when protecting the wounded earl at the gate of Montreuil.

OF SARDANAPALUS'S DISHONOURABLE LIFE AND MISERABLE DEATH.

TH' Assyrian king, in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stain'd his regal heart;
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield vanquish'd for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemèd strange,
And harder than his lady's side his targe :
From glutton feasts to soldier's fare, a change ;
His helmet, far above a garland's charge ;
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight ;
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honour, and his right,
(Proud, time of wealth, in storms appall'd with dread),
Murther'd himself to show some manful deed.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT

WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN
IS THE HAPPIEST IF THEY HAD SKILL
TO UNDERSTAND IT.

LAID in my quiet bed in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear ;
And every thought did show so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thought
did rise.

I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to
be ;

The young man eke that feels his bones with pains
oppress'd,

7

How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest;
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the
more.

Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and
change degree;

And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth,¹ to live in woe, doth ever seek
to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth show my dented chews,² the flesh was worn
so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me
say:

'Thy white and hoarish hairs, the messengers of age,
That show, like lines of true belief, that this life doth
assuage,

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Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin;
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming
in.

Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time :
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life
define.'

Whereat I sigh'd, and said : 'Farewell! my wonted joy ;
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little
boy,

And tell them thus from me, their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had to know the truth of
this.'

¹ 'Wealth : ' well-being.—² 'Chews : ' jaws.

BONUM EST MIHI QUOD HUMILIASTI ME.¹

THE storms are past: the clouds are overblown;
 And humble chere great rigour hath repress'd.
 For the default is set a pain foreknown;
 And patience graff'd in a determined breast;
 And in the heart, where heaps of griefs were grown,
 The sweet revenge hath planted mirth and rest.
 No company so pleasant as mine own.

• • • • •
 Thraldom at large hath made this prison free.
 Danger well past, remembered, works delight. 10
 Of ling'ring doubts such hope is sprung, pardie!²
 That nought I find displeasant in my sight,
 But when my glass presented unto me
 The cureless wound that bleedeth day and night;
 To think, alas! such hap should granted be
 Unto a wretch, that hath no heart to fight,
 To spill that blood, that hath so oft been shed,
 For Britain's sake, alas! and now is dead!

EXHORTATION TO LEARN BY OTHERS'
TROUBLE.

MY RATCLIF,³ when thy reckless⁴ youth offends,
 Receive the scourge by others' chastisement;
 For such calling, when it works none amends,
 Then plagues are sent without advertisement.
 Yet Solomon said, the wrongèd shall recure:
 But Wyatt said true, 'The scar doth aye endure.'⁵

¹ In English, 'It is good for me that thou hast afflicted me.'—² 'Pardie:' *par Dieu*.—³ 'Ratclif:' Sir Humphrey, one of the gentlemen pensioners.—⁴ 'Reckless:' reckless.—⁵ 'The scar doth aye endure:' these words occur in a short piece of Wyatt's, headed, 'Wyatt, being in prison, to Brian.'

THE FANCY OF A WEARIER LOVER.

THE fancy,¹ which that I have servèd long,
 That hath alway been enemy to mine ease,
 Seemèd of late to rue upon my wrong,
 And bade me fly the cause of my misease.
 And I forthwith did press out of the throng,
 That thought by flight my painful heart to please
 Some other way, till I saw faith more strong;
 And to myself I said, ‘Alas ! those days
 In vain were spent, to run the race so long.’
 And with that thought I met my guide, that plain, 10
 Out of the way wherein I wander'd wrong,
 Brought me amidst the hills in base Bullayne :²
 Where I am now, as restless to remain
 Against my will, full pleased with my pain.

A SATIRE AGAINST THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.³

LONDON ! hast thou accusèd me
 Of breach of laws, the root of strife ?
 Within whose breast did boil to see,
 So fervent hot, thy dissolute life,
 That even the hate of sins, that grow
 Within thy wicked walls so rife,

¹ ‘Fancy :’ love.—² ‘Bullayne :’ Boulogne.—³ It appears, from an entry in the Privy Council book, that Surrey, along with two youthful companions, had to appear before the Council for ‘breaking with stone-bows of certain windows.’ They were confined for a month in the Tower; and as the complaint had been made at the instance of the city authorities, Surrey avenged himself by this satire. He tells the citizens that he gave them an alarm at midnight to frighten them amidst their sins.

For to break forth did convert so,
 That terror could it not repress ;
 The which, by words, since preachers know
 What hope is left for to redress,
 By unknown means it likèd me
 My hidden burthen to express,
 Whereby it might appear to thee
 That secret sin hath secret spite ;
 From justice' rod no fault is free,
 But that all such as work unright,
 In most quiet are next ill rest.
 In secret silence of the night
 This made me, with a reckless breast,
 To wake thy sluggards with my bow :
 A figure of the Lord's behest,
 Whose scourge for sin the Scriptures show :
 That, as the fearful thunder's clap
 By sudden flame at hand we know,
 Of pebble stones the soundless rap,
 The dreadful plague might make thee see
 Of God's wrath, that doth thee enwrap ;
 That pride might know, from conscience free,
 How lofty works may her defend ;
 And envy find, as he hath sought,
 How other seek him to offend :
 And wrath taste of each cruel thought,
 The just shape higher in the end :
 And idle sloth, that never wrought,
 To heaven his spirit lift may begin :
 And greedy lucre live in dread,
 To see what hate ill-got goods win ;
 The lechers, ye that lusts do feed,
 Perceive what secrecy is in sin :
 And gluttons' hearts for sorrow bleed,

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Awaked, when their fault they find ;
 In loathsome vice each drunken wight,
 To stir to God this was my mind.

Thy windows had done me no spite ;
 But proud people that dread no fall,
 Clothèd with falsehood and unright,
 Bred in the closures of thy wall.

But wrested to wrath in fervent zeal
 Thou hast to strife my secret call
 Indurèd hearts no warning feel.

Oh ! shameless whore ! is dread then gone ?
 Be such thy foes, as mean thy weal ?
 Oh ! member of false Babylon !

The shop of craft ! the den of ire !
 Thy dreadful doom draws fast upon.
 Thy martyrs' blood by sword and fire,

In heaven and earth for justice call.
 The Lord shall hear their just desire !

The flame of wrath shall on thee fall !

With famine and pest lamentably
 Stricken shall be thy lechers all.

Thy proud towers, and turrets high
 Enemies to God, beat stone from stone :
 Thine idols burnt that wrought iniquity :

When none thy ruin shall bemoan,

But render unto the righteous Lord,
 That so hath judgèd Babylon,

Immortal praise with one accord.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE HEARTLESS STATE OF THE LOVER

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE MISTRESS OF HIS HEART.

THE Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
 And show'd his face ten thousand ways,
 Ten thousand things do then begin,
 To show the life that they are in.
 The heaven shows lively art and hue,
 Of sundry shapes and colours new,
 And laughs upon the earth ; anon,
 The earth, as cold as any stone,
 Wet in the tears of her own kind,
 'Gins then to take a joyful mind. 10
 For well she feels that out and out
 The sun doth warm her round about,
 And dries her children tenderly,
 And shows them forth full orderly ;
 The mountains high, and how they stand !
 The valleys, and the great main land !
 The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
 The castles, and the rivers long !
 And even for joy thus of this heat
 She sheweth forth her pleasures great, 20
 And sleeps no more ; but sendeth forth
 Her clergions,¹ her own dear worth,
 To mount and fly up to the air,
 Where then they sing in order fair,
 And tell in song, full merrily,
 How they have slept full quietly,
 That night, about their mother's sides.
 And when they have sung more besides,

¹ 'Clergions : ' little clerks, generally applied to children employed in choirs.

Then fall they to their mother's breast,
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn.
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam.
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss and of their bale;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.
Then tune the birds their harmony;
Then flock the fowl in company;
Then everything doth pleasure find
In that, that comforts all their kind.
No dreams do drench them of the night,
Of foes, that would them slay, or bite,
As hounds, to hunt them at the tail;
Or men force them through hill and dale.
The sheep then dreams not of the wolf:
The shipmen forces not the gulf;
The lamb thinks not the butcher's knife
Should then bereave him of his life.
For when the sun doth once run in,
Then all their gladness doth begin;
And then their skips, and then their play;
So falls their sadness then away.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.
For being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,

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My comfort, and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? how should I do?
May sick men laugh, that roar for pain?
Joy they in song, that do complain?
Are martyrs in their torments glad?
Do pleasures please them that are sad?
Then how may I in comfort be,
That lack the thing should comfort me?
The blind man oft, that lacks his sight,
Complains not most the lack of light;
But those that knew their perfectness,
And then do miss their blissfulness,
In martyrs' tunes they sing, and wail
The want of that which doth them fail.

And hereof comes that in my brains
So many fancies work my pains;
For when I weigh your worthiness,
Your wisdom, and your gentleness,
Your virtues and your sundry grace,
And mind the countenance of your face;
And how that you are she alone
To whom I must both plain and moan;
Whom I do love, and must do still;
Whom I embrace, and aye so will,
To serve and please eke as I can,
As may a woful faithful man;
And find myself so far you fro,
God knows what torment and what woe
My rueful heart doth then embrace;
The blood then changeth in my face;
My sinews dull, in dumps¹ I stand,
No life I feel in foot nor hand.

¹ 'Dumps : ' gloomy meditation, or evil plight. Every one remembers Withington's 'dumps,' as, in 'Chevy Chase,' 'he fought upon his stumps.'

As pale as any clout, and dead.
 Lo ! suddenly the blood o'erspread,
 And gone again, it nill so bide ;
 And thus from life to death I slide,
 As cold sometimes as any stone ;
 And then again as hot anon.

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Thus come and go my sundry fits,
 To give me sundry sorts of wits ;
 Till that a sigh becomes my friend,
 And then too all this woe doth end.
 And sure, I think, that sigh doth run
 From me to you, whereas you wonne.¹
 For well I find it easeth me,
 And certes much it pleaseth me,
 To think that it doth come to you,
 As, would to God, it could so do ;
 For then I know you would soon find,
 By scent and savour of the wind,
 That even a martyr's sigh it is,
 Whose joy you are, and all his bliss ;
 His comfort and his pleasure eke,
 And even the same that he doth seek,
 The same that he doth wish and crave,
 The same that he doth trust to have,
 To tender you in all he may,
 And all your likings to obey,
 As far as in his power shall lie,
 Till death shall dart him, for to die.

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But, well-away ! mine own most best,
 My joy, my comfort, and my rest ;
 The causer of my woe and smart,
 And yet the pleaser of my heart ;

¹ ‘ Wonne : ’ dwell.

And she that on the earth above
 Is even the worthiest for to love,
 Hear now my plaint ! hear now my woe .
 Hear now his pain that loves you so !
 And if your heart do pity bear,
 Pity the cause that you shall hear.

A doleful foe in all this doubt,
 Who leaves me not, but seeks me out,
 Of wretched form and loathsome face,
 While I stand in this woful case,
 Comes forth, and takes me by the hand,
 And says, ' Friend, hark ! and understand ;
 I see well by thy port and chere,
 And by thy looks and thy manere,
 And by thy sadness as thou goest,
 And by the sighs that thou out throwest,
 That thou art stuffèd full of woe :
 The cause, I think, I do well know.

A fantaser¹ thou art of some,
 By whom thy wits are overcome.
 But hast thou read old pamphlets aught ?
 Or hast thou known how books have taught
 That love doth use to such as thou ?
 When they do think them safe enow,
 And certain of their ladies' grace,
 Hast thou not seen ofttimes the case,
 That suddenly their hap hath turn'd,
 As things in flame consumed and burn'd ?
 Some by deceit forsaken right,
 Some likewise changed of fancy light ?
 And some by absence soon forgot ?
 The lots in love, why know'st thou not ?

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¹ 'Fantaser : ' lover.

And though that she be now thine own,
 And knows thee well, as may be known ;
 And thinks thee to be such a one
 As she likes best to be her own ;
 Think'st thou that others have not grace
 To show and plain their woful case,
 And choose her for their lady now,
 And swear her truth, as well as thou ?
 And what if she do alter mind,
 Where is the love that thou wouldest find ?
 Absence, my friend, works wonders oft ;
 Now brings full low that lay full loft,
 Now turns the mind, now to, now fro,
 And where art thou, if it were so ?'

' If absence,' quoth I, ' be marvellous,
 I find her not so dangerous ;
 For she may not remove me fro
 The poor good-will that I do owe
 To her, whom erst¹ I love, and shall,
 And chosen have above them all
 To serve and be her own as far
 As any man may offer her ;
 And will her serve, and will her love,
 And lowly, as it shall behove ;
 And die her own, if fate be so :
 Thus shall my heart nay part her fro.
 And witness shall my good-will be,
 That absence takes her not from me ;
 But that my love doth still increase
 To mind her still, and never cease :
 And what I feel to be in me,
 The same good-will, I think, hath she

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¹ 'Erst:' formerly, long since.

As firm and fast to biden aye,
Till death depart us both away.'

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And as I have my tale thus told,
Steps unto me, with countenance bold,
A steadfast friend, a counsellor,
And named is Hope, my comforter ;
And stoutly then he speaks and says,
'Thou hast said truth withouten nays ;
For I assure thee, even by oath,
And thereon take my hand and troth,
That she is one the worthiest,
The truest, and the faithfullest,
The gentlest and the meekest of mind,
That here on earth a man may find :
And if that love and truth were gone,
In her it might be found alone.
For in her mind no thought there is,
But how she may be true, I wis ;
And tenders thee, and all thy heal,¹
And wishes both thy health and weal ;
And loves thee even as far-forth than
As any woman may a man ;
And is thine own, and so she says ;
And cares for thee ten thousand ways.
On thee she speaks, on thee she thinks ;
With thee she eats, with thee she drinks ;
With thee she talks, with thee she moans ;
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans ;
With thee she says, " Farewell, mine own ! "
When thou, God knows, full far art gone ;
And even, to tell thee all aright,
To thee she says full oft, " Good night ! "

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¹ ' Heal : ' prosperity.

And names thee oft her own most dear,223
 Her comfort, weal, and all her cheer ;
 And tells her pillow all the tale
 How thou hast done her woe and bale ;
 And how she longs, and plains for thee,
 And says, " Why art thou so from me ?
 Am I not she that loves thee best ?
 Do I not wish thine ease and rest ?230
 Seek I not how I may thee please ?
 Why art thou then so from thine ease ?
 If I be she for whom thou carest,
 For whom in torments so thou farest,
 Alas ! thou know'st to find me here,
 Where I remain thine own most dear ;
 Thine own most true, thine own most just ;
 Thine own that love thee still, and must ;
 Thine own that cares alone for thee,
 As thou, I think, dost care for me ;240
 And even the woman, she alone
 That is full bent to be thine own."

' What wilt thou more ? what canst thou crave ?
 Since she is as thou would'st her have.
 Then set this drivel out of door,
 That in thy brains such tales doth pour,
 Of absence, and of changes strange ;
 Send him to those that use to change :
 For she is none, I thee avow,
 And well thou mayst believe me now.'250

When Hope hath thus his reason said,
 Lord ! how I feel me well a-paid !
 A new blood then o'erspreads my bones,
 That all in joy I stand at ones.
 My hands I throw to heaven above,
 And humbly thank the god of love,

That of his grace I should bestow
 My love so well as I it owe ;
 And all the planets as they stand,
 I thank them too with heart and hand,
 That their aspects so friendly were,
 That I should so my good-will bear
 To you, that are the worthiest,
 The fairest, and the gentlest,
 And best can say, and best can do
 That 'longs, methinks, a woman to,
 And therefore are most worthy far,
 To be belovèd as you are.

And so says Hope in all his tale,
 Whereby he easeth all my bale ;
 For I believe, and think it true,
 That he doth speak or say of you.
 And thus contented, lo ! I stand
 With that that Hope bears me in hand,
 That you are mine, and shall so be ;
 Which Hope I keep full sure in me,
 As he, that all my comfort is,
 On you alone, which are my bliss,
 My pleasure chief, which most I find,
 And e'en the whole joy of my mind ;
 And shall so be, until the death
 Shall make me yield up life and breath.
 Thus, good mine own, lo ! here my trust ;
 Lo ! here my truth, and service just ;
 Lo ! in what case for you I stand ;
 Lo ! how you have me in your hand ;
 And if you can requite a man,
 Requite me, as you find me than.

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ECCLESIASTES.

CHAPTER I.

I, SOLOMON, David's son, King of Jerusalem,
Chosen by God to teach the Jews, and in his laws to
lead them,

Confess, under the sun that everything is vain ;
The world is false; man he is frail, and all his pleasures
pain.

Alas ! what stable fruit may Adam's children find
In that they seek by sweat of brows and travail of their
mind !

We, that live on the earth, draw toward our decay ;
Our children fill our place a while, and then they *vade*¹
away.

Such changes maketh earth, and doth remove for none,
But serves us for a place to play our tragedies upon. 10
When that the restless sun westward his course hath
run,

Towards the east he hastes as fast, to rise where he begun.
When hoary Boreas hath blown his frozen blast,
Then Zephyrus, with his gentle breath, dissolves the ice
as fast.

Floods that drink up small brooks, and swell by rage of
rain,

Discharge in seas, which them repulse, and swallow straight
again.

These worldly pleasures, Lord ! so swift they run their
race,

That scarce our eyes may them discern, they bide so
little space.

¹ 'Vade : ' go, or pass, from *vado*.

What hath been, but is now ? the like hereafter shall :
 What new device grounded so sure, that dreadeth not
 the fall ? 20

What may be called new, but such things in times past
 As Time buried, and doth revive, and Time again shall
 waste ?

Things past, right worthy fame, have now no bruit at all ;
 Even so shall die such things as now the simple wonders
 call.

I, that in David's seat sit crowned, and rejoice,
 That with my sceptre rule the Jews, and teach them
 with my voice,

Have searched long to know all things under the sun,
 To see how in this mortal life a surety might be won.
 This kindled will to know ; strange things for to desire
 God hath graff'd in our greedy breasts a torment for our
 hire. 30

The end of each travail forthwith I sought to know ;
 I found them vain, mixed with gall, and burthen'd with
 much woe.

Defaults of nature's work no man's hand may restore,
 Which be in number like the sands upon the salt flood's
 shore.

Then, vaunting in my wit, I 'gan call to my mind
 What rules of wisdom I had taught, that elders could
 not find.

And, as by contraries to try most things we use,
 Men's follies, and their errors eke I 'gan them all peruse,
 Thereby with more delight to knowledge for to climb :
 But this I found an endless work of pain, and loss of
 time ; 40

For he to wisdom's school that doth apply his mind,
 The further that he wades therein, the greater doubts
 shall find ;

And such as enterprise to put new things in ure, 43
 Of some that shall scorn their device, may well themselves
 assure.

CHAPTER II.

FROM pensive fancies then I 'gan my heart revoke,
 And gave me to such sporting plays as laughter might
 provoke;
 But even such vain delights, when they most blinded me,
 Always, methought, with smiling grace a king did ill agree.
 Then sought I how to please my belly with much wine,
 To feed me fat with costly feasts of rare delights, and
 fine ;
 And other pleasures eke to purchase me, with rest :
 In so great choice to find the thing that might content
 me best.
 But, Lord ! what care of mind, what sudden storms of ire,
 What broken sleeps endured I, to compass my desire. 10
 To build me houses fair then set I all my cure :¹
 By princely acts thus strove I still to make my fame
 endure.
 Delicious gardens eke I made to please my sight,
 And graff'd therein all kinds of fruits that might my mouth
 delight.
 Conduits, by lively springs from their old course I drew,
 For to refresh the fruitful trees that in my gardens
 grew.
 Of cattle great increase I bred in little space ;
 Bondmen I bought ; I gave them wives, and served me
 with their race.
 Great heaps of shining gold by sparing 'gan I save ; 19
 With things of price so furnished as fits a prince to have.

¹ ‘Cure :’ care.

To hear fair women sing sometime I did rejoice, 21
 Ravishèd with their pleasant tunes, and sweetness of their
 voice.

Lemans I had, so fair and of so lively hue,
 That whoso gazèd in their face might well their beauty
 rue.

Never erst sat there king so rich in David's seat ;
 Yet still, methought, for so small gain the travail was too
 great.

From my desirous eyes I hid no pleasant sight,
 Nor from my heart no kind of mirth that might give
 them delight ;

Which was the only fruit I reap'd of all my pain,
 To feed my eyes, and to rejoice my heart with all my
 gain. 30

But when I made my count, with how great care of mind
 And heart's unrest, that I had sought so wasteful fruit
 to find,

Then was I stricken straight with that abusèd fire,
 To glory in that goodly wit that compass'd my desire.
 But fresh before mine eyes grace did my faults renew :
 What gentle callings I had fled my ruin to pursue ;
 What raging pleasures past, peril and hard escape ;
 What fancies in my head had wrought the liquor of the
 grape.

The error then I saw, that their frail hearts doth move,
 Which strive in vain for to compare with Him that sits
 above : 40

In whose most perfect works such craft appeareth plain,
 That to the least of them, there may no mortal hand
 attain.

And like as lightsome day doth shine above the night,
 So dark to me did folly seem, and wisdom's beams as
 bright,

Whose eyes did seem so clear motes to discern and find :
But will had closèd folly's eyes, which groped like the
blind. 46

Yet death and time consume all wit and worldly fame ;
And look ! what end that folly hath, and wisdom hath
the same.

Then said I thus : ' Oh Lord ! may not thy wisdom cure
The wilful wrongs and hard conflicts that folly doth
endure ? ' 50

To sharp my wit so fine then why took I this pain ?
Now find I well this noble search may eke be called
vain.

As slander's loathsome bruit sounds folly's just reward,
Is put to silence all betime, and brought in small regard :
Even so doth time devour the noble blast of fame,
Which should resound their glories great, that do deserve
the same.

Thus present changes chase away the wonders past,
Ne is the wise man's fatal thread yet longer spun to last.
Then in this wretched vale our life I loathed plain,
When I beheld our fruitless pains to compass pleasures
vain. 60

My travail this avail hath me producèd, lo !
An heir unknown shall reap the fruit that I in seed did
sow ;

But whereunto the Lord his nature shall incline
Who can foreknow, into whose hands I must my goods
resign ?

But, Lord, how pleasant sweet then seem'd the idle life,
That never chargèd was with care, nor burthened with
strife,

And vile the greedy trade of them that toil so sore,
To leave to such their travails' fruit that never sweat
therefore.

What is that pleasant gain ? what is that sweet relief,
That should delay the bitter taste that we feel of our
grief ?

70

The gladsome days we pass, to search a simple gain ;
The quiet nights, with broken sleeps to feed a restless
brain.

What hope is left us then ? What comfort doth remain,
Our quiet hearts for to rejoice with the fruit of our pain ?
If that be true, who may himself so happy call
As I whose free and sumptuous spence¹ doth shine be-
yond them all ?

Surely it is a gift and favour of the Lord,
Liberally to spend our goods, the ground of all discord,
And wretched hearts have they that let their treasures
mould,
And carry the rod that scourgeth them that glory in their
gold.

80

But I do know by proof, whose riches bear such bruit,
What stable wealth may stand in waste, or heaping of
such fruit.

CHAPTER III.

LIKE to the steerless boat that swerves with every wind,
The slipper top of worldly wealth, by cruel proof I find.
Scarce hath the seed, whereof that nature formeth man,
Received life, when death him yields to earth where he
began !

The grafted plants with pain, whereof we hoped fruit,
To root them up, with blossoms spread, then is our chief
pursuit.

That erst we reared up, we undermine again ;
And shred the sprays whose growth sometime we laboured
with pain.

¹ ‘Spence :’ expenditure.

Each foward threat'ning chere of fortune makes us plain, 9
And every pleasant show revives our woful hearts again.
Ancient walls to raise is our unstable guise,
And of their weather-beaten stones to build some new
devise.

New fancies daily spring, which vade,¹ returning mo ;
And now we practice to obtain that straight we must
forego.

Sometime we seek to spare that afterward we waste ;
And that we travail'd sore to knit, for to unloose as fast.
In sober silence now our quiet lips we close,
And with unbridled tongues forthwith our secret hearts
disclose.

Such as in folded arms we did embrace, we hate ;
Whom straight we reconcile again, and banish all debate. 20
My seed, with labour sown, such fruit produceth me,
To waste my life in contraries that never shall agree.
From God these heavy cares are sent for our unrests,
And with such burdens for our wealth he fraughteth full
our breasts.

All that the Lord hath wrought, hath beauty and good
grace ;

And to each thing assigned is the proper time and place.
And granted eke to man of all the world's estate,
And of each thing wrought in the same, to argue and
debate ;

Which art, though it approach the heavenly knowledge
most,

To search the natural ground of things, yet all is labour
lost. 30

But then the wandering eyes that long for surety sought,
Found that by pain no certain wealth might in this
world be bought.

¹ 'Vade : ' pass away.

Who liveth in delight, and seeks no greedy thrift, ss
 But freely spends his goods, may think it is a secret
 gift.

Fulfilled shall it be whatso¹ the Lord intend,
 Which no device of man's wit may advance, nor yet
 defend ;²

Who made all things of nought, that Adam's children
 might

Learn how to dread the Lord, that wrought such wonders
 in their sight.

The grisly wonders past, which time wears out of mind,
 To be renewed in our days the Lord hath so assign'd. 40
 Lo ! thus his careful scourge doth steal on us unaware ;
 Which, when the flesh hath clean forgot, he doth again
 repair.

When I in this vain search had wander'd sore my wit,
 I saw a royal throne eke whereas Justice should have
 sit ;

Instead of whom I saw, with fierce and cruel mood,
 Where Wrong was set, that bloody beast that drank the
 guiltless blood :

Then thought I thus : 'One day the Lord shall sit in
 doom,
 To view his flock, and choose the pure : the spotted have
 no room.'

Yet be such scourges sent, that each aggrieved mind,
 Like the brute beasts that swell in rage and fury by
 their kind, 50

His error may confess' when he hath wrestled long ;
 And then with patience may him arm : the sure defence
 of wrong.

For death, that of the beast the carrion doth devour,
 Unto the noble kind of man presents the fatal hour.

¹ 'Whatso : ' whatsoever.—² 'Defend : ' forbid, hinder.

The perfect form that God hath given to either man, 55
 Or either beast, dissolve it shall to earth, where it began ;
 And who can tell if that the soul of man ascend,
 Or with the body if it die, and to the ground descend ?
 Wherefore each greedy heart that riches seeks to gain,
 Gather may he that savoury fruit that springeth of his
 pain. 60

A mean ¹ convenient wealth I mean to take in worth ; ²
 And with a hand of largess eke in measure pour it forth :
 For treasure spent in life the body doth sustain ;
 The heir shall waste the hoarded gold, amassed with
 much pain ;
 Ne may foresight of man such order give in life,
 For to foreknow who shall enjoy their gotten good with
 strife.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I bethought me well, under the restless sun
 By folk of power what cruel works unchastised were
 done,
 I saw where stood a herd by power of such oppress'd,
 Out of whose eyes ran floods of tears, that bained ³ all
 their breast,
 Devoid of comfort clean, in terrors and distress,
 In whose defence none would arise such rigour to repress.
 Then thought I thus : ' O Lord ! the dead, whose fatal
 hour
 Is clean run out, more happy are, whom that the worms
 devour :
 And happiest is the seed that never did conceive, 9
 That never felt the wailful wrongs that mortal folk receive.'
 And then I saw that wealth, and every honest gain
 By travail won, and sweat of brows, ' gan grow into disdain,

¹ ' Mean : ' moderate.—² ' In worth : ' patiently, contentedly.—³ ' Bained : ' bathed.

Through sloth of careless folk, whom ease so fat doth
feed ;

13

Whose idle hands do nought but waste the fruit of others'
seed ;

Which to themselves persuade, that little got with ease
More thankful is, than kingdoms won by travail and
disease.

Another sort I saw without both friend or kin,
Whose greedy ways yet never sought a faithful friend
to win,

Whose wretched corpse no toil yet ever weary could,
Nor glutted ever were their eyes with heaps of shining
gold.

20

But, if it might appear to their abusèd eyen
To whose avail they travail so, and for whose sake they
pine,

Then should they see what cause they have for to repent
The fruitless pains and eke the time that they in vain
have spent.

Then 'gan I thus resolve—‘ More pleasant is the life
Of faithful friends that spend their goods in common
without strife.’

For as the tender friend appeaseth every grief,
So, if he fall that lives alone, who shall be his relief ?
The friendly feres lie warm in arms embracèd fast;
Who sleeps alone, at every turn doth feel the winter
blast :

80

What can he do but yield, that must resist alone ?
If there be twain, one may defend the t'other over-
thrown :

The single twinèd cords may no such stress endure
As cables braided threefold may, together wreathed sure.
In better far estate stand children, poor and wise,
Than aged kings, wedded to will, that work without advice.

In prison have I seen, or this, a woful wight, 87
 That never knew what freedom meant, nor tasted of
 delight,

With such unhopèd hap in most despair hath met,
 Within the hands that erst wore gyves to have a sceptre
 set.

And by conjures¹ the seed of kings is thrust from state,
 Whereon a grieved people work ofttimes their hidden hate.
 Other, without respect I saw of friend or foe,
 With feet worn bare in tracing such, whereas the
 honours grow.

And at death of a prince great routs revived strange,
 Which, fain their old yoke to discharge, rejoicèd in the
 change.

But when I thought, to these as heavy even, or more,
 Shall be the burden of his reign, as his that went
 before,

And that a train like great upon the dead attend,
 I 'gan conclude, each greedy gain hath its uncertain end.
 In humble spirit is set the temple of the Lord; 51
 Where if thou enter, look thy mouth and conscience may
 accord!

Whose Church is built of love, and deck'd with hot
 desire,

And simple faith; the yolden ghost¹ his mercy doth
 require:

Where perfectly for aye he in his word doth rest,
 With gentle ear to hear thy suit, and grant thee thy request.
 In boast of outward works he taketh no delight,
 Nor waste of words; such sacrifice unsavoureth in his
 sight.

¹ 'Conjures:' conspiracies.—² 'Yolden ghost:' the mind yielded or devoted.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN that repentant tears hath cleansèd clear from ill
The chargèd breast, and grace hath wrought therein
amending will,

With bold demands then may his mercy well assail
The speech man saith; without the which request may
none prevail.

More shall thy penitent sighs his endless mercy please,
Than their importune suits, which dream that words God's
wrath appease;

For heart, contrite of fault, is gladsome recompense;
And prayer, fruit of faith, whereby God doth with sin
dispense.

As fearful broken sleeps spring from a restless head,
By chattering of unholy lips is fruitless prayer bred. 10
In waste of wind, I rede, vow nought unto the Lord,
Whereto thy heart to bind thy will freely doth not accord;
For humble vows fulfill'd by grace right sweetly smoke:
But bold behests, broken by lusts, the wrath of God
provoke.

Yet bet¹ with humble heart thy frailty to confess,
Than to boast of such perfectness, whose works such fraud
express.

With feigned words and oaths contract with God no
guile;

Such craft returns to thine own harm, and doth thyself
defile:

And though the mist of sin persuade such error light,
Thereby yet are thy outward works all dampned¹ in his
sight.

As sundry broken dreams us diversely abuse,
So are his errors manifold that many words doth use.

¹ 'Bet:' better.—² 'Dampned:' condemned.

With humble secret plaint, few words of hot effect 23
 Honour thy Lord; allowance vain of void desert neglect.
 Though wrong at times the right, and wealth eke need
 oppress,

Think not the hand of justice slow to follow the redress:
 For such unrighteous folk as rule withouten dread,
 By some abuse or secret lust he suffereth to be led.
 The chief bliss that in earth to living man is lent,
 Is moderate wealth to nourish life, if he can be content. 30
 He that hath but one field, and greedily seeketh nought,
 To fence the tiller's hand from need, is king within his
 thought.

But such as of their gold their only idol make,
 No treasure may the ravin of their hungry hands aslake.
 For he that gapes for good, and hoardeth all his gain,
 Travails in vain to hide the sweet that should relieve his
 pain.

Where is great wealth, there should be many a needy
 wight
 To spend the same; and that should be the rich man's
 chief delight.

The sweet and quiet sleeps that wearied limbs oppress,
 Beguile the night in diet thin, not feasts of great excess:
 But waker¹ lie the rich; whose lively heat with rest 41
 Their chargèd bulks² with change of meats cannot so soon
 digest.

Another righteous doom I saw of greedy gain;
 With busy cares such treasures oft preservèd to their
 bane:

The plenteous houses sack'd; the owners end with shame
 Their sparkled³ goods; their needy heirs, that should
 enjoy the same,

¹ 'Waker:' wakeful.—² 'Bulks:' bodies.—³ 'Sparkled:' scattered.

From wealth despoiled bare, from whence they came they
went,

47

Clad in the clothes of poverty, as Nature first them sent.
Naked as from the womb we came, if we depart,
With toil to seek that we must leave, what boot to vex
the heart ?

What life lead testy men then, that consume their days
In inward frets, untemper'd hates, at strife with some
always ?

Then 'gan I praise all those, in such a world of strife,
As take the profit of their goods, that may be had in
life.

For sure the liberal hand that hath no heart to spare
This fading wealth, but pours it forth, it is a virtue rare :
That makes wealth slave to need, and gold become his
thrall,

Clings¹ not his guts with niggish² fare to heap his chest
withal ;

But feeds the lusts of kind³ with costly meats and wine ;
And slacks the hunger and the thirst of needy folk that
pine :

60

No glutton's feast I mean in waste of spence to strive,
But temperate meals the dulled spirits with joy thus to
revive.

No care may pierce where mirth hath temper'd such a
breast :

The bitter gall, season'd with sweet, such wisdom may
digest.

¹ 'Clings : ' shrinks up.—² 'Niggish : ' piggard.—³ 'Lusts of kind : ' de-sires of nature.

A PARAPHRASE OF SOME OF THE PSALMS
OF DAVID.

PROEM.

WHERE reckless youth in an unquiet breast,
 Set on by wrath, revenge, and cruelty,
 After long war patience had oppress'd ;
 And justice, wrought by princely equity ;
 My Denny¹ then, mine error deep impress'd,
 Began to work despair of liberty ;
 Had not David, the perfect warrior, taught
 That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O LORD ! upon whose will dependeth my welfare,
 To call upon thy holy name, since day nor night I
 spare,
 Grant that the just request of this repentant mind
 So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour it
 may find.
 My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past ;
 My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth
 fast :
 Like them whose fatal thread thy hand hath cut in
 twain,
 Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their graves
 remain.
 O Lord ! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my foe,
 Into a pit all bottomless, whereas I plain my woe. 10

¹ ‘Denny :’ in the old edition the word is not ‘Denny,’ but ‘conscience.’ Sir Walter Denny, a friend of the Howard family, and one of the executors of Henry VIII., may be the person meant.

The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress, 11
 And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and
 distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banish'd from my sight,
 And such as I have held full dear, have set my friend-
 ship light.

My durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,
 That by the tears that bain my breast, mine eyesight
 doth appair.¹

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,
 With humble heart and stretchèd hands, for to appease
 thine ire.

Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,
 To show such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's
 line, 20

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be fed,
 That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might be
 spread ?

The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare !
 Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of
 despair.

In blind indurèd hearts light of thy lively name
 Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of the
 same :

Nor blazed may thy name be by the mouths of those
 Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may not
 disclose :

The lively voice of them that in thy word delight,
 Must be the trump that must resound the glory of thy
 might; 30

Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress
 To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied limbs
 oppress;

¹ 'Appair:' impair, fail.

And in the morning eke when that the sleep is fled, 33
 With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my restless
 bed.

Within this careful mind, burden'd with care and grief,
 Why dost thou not appear, O Lord! that shouldst be his
 relief?

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight
 assail;

Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but wail.
 The dread, lo! of thine ire hath trod me under feet :
 The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death seem
 full sweet. 40

Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,
 Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour
 found :

For they whom no mischance could from my love divide,
 Are forcèd, for my greater grief, from me their face to
 hide.

PSALM LXXIII.

THE sudden storms that heave me to and fro,
 Had well near piercèd Faith, my guiding sail ;
 For I that on the noble voyage go

To succour truth, and falsehood to assail,
 Constrained am to bear my sails full low ;
 And never could attain some pleasant gale :
 For unto such the prosperous winds do blow

As run from port to port to seek avail.

This bred despair ; whereof such doubts did grow
 That I 'gan faint, and all my courage fail. 10
 But now, my Blage,¹ mine error well I see ;
 Such goodly light King David giveth me.

¹ 'Blage : ' George Blage, a friend of Surrey's, who accompanied him to Landrecy.

THOUGH, Lord, to Israel thy graces plenteous be ;
 I mean to such, with pure intent as fix their trust in Thee,
 Yet whiles the faith did faint that should have been my
 guide ;

Like them that walk in slipper paths, my feet began to
 slide ;

Whiles I did grudge at those that glory in their gold,
 Whose loathsome pride enjoyeth wealth, in quiet as
 they wold.

To see by course of years what nature doth appair,
 The palaces of princely form succeed from heir to heir ;
 From all such travails free, as 'long to Adam's seed,
 Neither withdrawn from wicked works by danger, nor by
 dread.

10

Whereof their scornful pride, and gloried with their eyes ;
 As garments clothe the naked man, thus are they clad
 in vice.

Thus, as they wish, succeeds the mischief that they mean ;
 Whose glutted cheeks sloth feeds so fat, as scant their
 eyes be seen ;¹

Unto whose cruel power most men for dread are fain
 To bend or bow ; with lofty looks, whiles they vaunt in
 their reign ;

And in their bloody hands, whose cruelty that frame
 The wailful works that scourge the poor, without regard
 of blame.

To tempt the living God they think it no offence ;
 And pierce the simple with their tongues that can make
 no defence.

20

Such proofs before the just, to cause the hearts to waver,
 Be set, like cups mingled with gall, of bitter taste and
 savour.

¹ Annotators see in this an allusion to Henry VIII.

Then say thy foes in scorn, that taste no other food, 23
 But suck the flesh of thy elect, and bathe them in their
 blood;

'Should we believe the Lord doth know, and suffer this ?
 Fooled be he with fables vain that so abusèd is.'

In terror of the just, thus reigns iniquity,
 Armed with power, laden with gold, and dread for cruelty.
 Then vain the war might seem, that I by faith maintain
 Against the flesh, whose false affects my pure heart would
 distain.

30

For I am scourged still, that no offence have done,
 By wrathès children ; and from my birth my chastising
 begun.

When I beheld their pride, and slackness of thy hand,
 I 'gan bewail the woful state wherein thy chosen stand.
 And when I sought whereof thy sufferance, Lord, should
 grow,

I found no wit could pierce so far, thy holy dooms to
 know :

And that no mysteries nor doubt could be distrust,¹
 Till I come to the holy place, the mansion of the just ;
 Where I shall see what end thy justice shall prepare,
 For such as build on worldly wealth, and dye their colours
 fair.

40

Oh ! how their ground is false ! and all their building vain !
 And they shall fall ; their power shall fail that did their
 pride maintain.

As charged hearts with care, that dream some pleasant turn
 After their sleep find their abuse, and to their plaint
 return,

So shall their glory fade ; thy sword of vengeance shall
 Unto their drunken eyes in blood disclose their errors
 all.

¹ 'Distrust.' untrussed, untied.

And when their golden fleece is from their back yshorn,⁴⁷
 The spots that underneath were hid, thy chosen sheep
 shall scorn :

And till that happy day, my heart shall swell in care,
 My eyes yield tears, my years consume between hope
 and despair.

Lo ! how my spirits are dull, and all thy judgments dark,
 No mortal head may scale so high, but wonder at thy
 wark.

Alas ! how oft my foes have framèd my decay ;
 But when I stood in dread to drench, thy hands still did
 me stay.

And in each voyage that I took to conquer sin,
 Thou wert my guide, and gave me grace, to comfort me
 therein ;

And when my wither'd skin unto my bones did cleave,
 And flesh did waste, thy grace did then my simple spirits
 relieve.

In other succour then, O Lord ! why should I trust,
 But only thine, whom I have found in thy behight¹ so
 just ?

And such for dread or gain, as shall thy name refuse,
 Shall perish with their golden gods that did their hearts
 seduce,

While I, that in thy word have set my trust and joy,
 The high reward that 'longs thereto shall quietly enjoy ;
 And my unworthy lips, inspirèd with thy grace,
 Shall thus forespeak thy secret works, in sight of Adam's
 race.

PSALM LV.²

GIVE ear to my suit, Lord ! fromward³ hide not thy face :
 Behold ! sinking in grief, lamenting, how I pray :

¹ 'Behight : ' promise.—² One of the first specimens of English blank verse.

³ 'Fromward : ' away from.

My foes that bray so loud, and eke threpe¹ on so fast, 3
 Buckled to do me scath,² so is their malice bent.
 Care pierceth my entrails, and travileth my spirit ;
 The grisly fear of death environeth my breast :
 A trembling cold of dread overwhelmeth my heart.
 'Oh !' think I, 'had I wings like to the simple dove,
 This peril might I fly, and seek some place of rest
 In wilder woods, where I might dwell far from these
 cares.' 10

What speedy way of wing my plaints should they lay on,
 To 'scape the stormy blast that threaten'd is to me !
 Rein those unbridled tongues ! break that conjured league
 For I decipher'd have amid our town the strife.
 Guile and wrong keep the walls, they ward both day and
 night :
 And mischief joined with care doth keep the marketstead,
 Whilst wickedness with craft in heaps swarm through the
 street.

Ne my declared foe wrought me all this reproach ;
 By harm so looked for, it weigheth half the less ;
 For though mine enemy's hap had been for to prevail, 20
 I could have hid my face from venom of his eye.
 It was a friendly foe, by shadow of good will ;
 Mine old fere, and dear friend, my guide that trapped me,
 Where I was wont to fetch the cure of all my care,
 And in his bosom hid my secret zeal to God.
 With such sudden surprise, quick may him hell devour,
 Whilst I invoke the Lord, whose power shall me defend ;
 My prayer shall not cease, from that the sun descends,
 Till he his altur³ win, and hide them in the sea.
 With words of hot affect⁴ that moveth from heart con-
 trite,

¹ 'Threpe : ' pertinaciously accuse.—² 'Scath : ' injury.—³ 'Altur : ' alti-
 tude.—⁴ 'Affect : ' affection.

Such humble suit, O Lord, doth pierce thy patient ear. 31
 It was the Lord that brake the bloody compacts of those
 That pricked on with ire to slaughter me and mine.
 The everlasting God, whose kingdom hath no end,
 Whom by no tale to dread he could divert from sin,
 The conscience unquiet he strikes with heavy hand,
 And proves their force in faith, whom he sware to defend.
 Butter falls not so soft as doth his patience long,
 And overpasseth fine oil running not half so smooth ;
 But when his sufferance finds that bridled wrath
 provokes, 40
 His threaten'd wrath he whets more sharp than any tool
 can file.
 Friar ! whose harm and tongue presents the wicked sort
 Of those false wolves, with coats which do their ravin¹ hide;
 That swear to me by heaven, the footstool of the Lord,
 Though force had hurt my fame, they did not touch my
 life ;
 Such patching care I loathe, as feeds the wealth with lies ;
 But in the other Psalm of David find I ease :
Jacta curam tuam super Dominum, et ipse te enutriet.

PSALM VIII.

THY name, O Lord, how great, is found before our sight !
 It fills the earth, and spreads the air : the great works of
 thy might !
 For even unto the heavens thy power hath given a place,
 And closed it above their heads ; a mighty, large, compass.
 Thy praise what cloud can hide, but it will shine again,
 Since young and tender sucking babes have power to show
 it plain ?

¹ ‘Ravin :’ rage.

Which in despite of those that would thy glory hide, 7
 [Thou] hast put into such infants' mouths for to confound
 their pride.

Wherefore I shall behold thy figured heaven so high,
 Which shows such prints of divers forms within the cloudy
 sky,

As hills, and shapes of men ; eke beasts of sundry
 kind,

Monstrous to our outward sight, and fancies of our
 mind ;

And eke the wanish moon, which shines by night
 also ;

And each one of the wandering stars, which after her do
 go ;

And how these keep their course ; and which are those
 that stands ;

Because they be thy wondrous works, and labours of thy
 hands.

But yet among all these I ask, ' What thing is man,'
 Whose turn to serve in his poor need this work Thou first
 began ?

Or what is Adam's son that bears his father's mark,
 For whose delight and comfort eke Thou hast wrought
 all this work ? 20

I see thou mind'st him much, that dost reward him so :
 Being but earth, to rule the earth, whereon himself doth
 go.

From angel's substance eke Thou mad'st him differ
 small ;

Save one doth change his life awhile ; the other not at
 all.

The sun and moon also Thou mad'st to give him light ;
 And each one of the wandering stars to twinkle sparkles
 bright ;

The air to give him breath ; the water for his health ; 27
 The earth to bring forth grain and fruit, for to increase
 his wealth ; .

And many metals too, for pleasure of the eye,
 Which in the hollow sounded ground in privy veins do
 lie ;

The sheep to give his wool, to wrap his body in ;
 And for such other needful things, the ox to spare his
 skin ;

The horse even at his will to bear him to and fro,
 And as him list each other beast to serve his turn also ;
 The fishes of the sea likewise to feed him oft ;
 And eke the birds, whose feathers serve to make his sides
 lie soft.

On whose head thou hast set a crown of glory too,
 To whom also thou didst appoint, that honour should
 be do.

And thus thou mad'st him lord of all this work of thine ;
 Of man that goes, of beast that creeps, whose looks doth
 down decline ; 40

Of fish that swim below, of fowls that fly on high,
 Of sea that finds the air his rain, and of the land so
 dry ;

And underneath his feet, Thou hast set all this same,
 To make him know, and plain confess, that marvellous
 is thy name.

And, Lord, which art our Lord, how marvellous it is
 found

The heavens do show, the earth doth tell, and eke the
 world so round.

Glory, therefore, be given to Thee first, which art
 three,

And yet but one Almighty God, in substance and
 degree :

As first it was when Thou the dark confused heap, 49
Clotted in one, didst part in four ; which elements we
clepe :¹

And as the same is now, even here within our time,
So ever shall hereafter be, when we be filth and slime.

¹ ‘ Clepe : ’ call.

END OF THE EARL OF SURREY'S POEMS.

